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JIM ROSE
PRESENTS
POP SHOTS

PET OF THE YEAR
PLAYOFF ISSUE

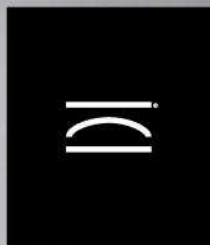
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JANUARY 2016



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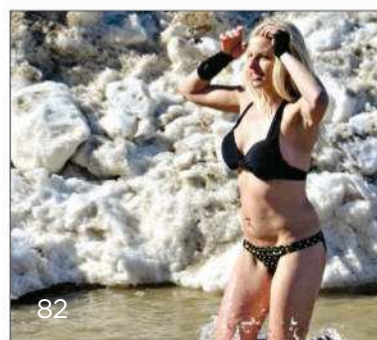
Pets of the Year Jamie Lynn and Heather Vandeven come together.



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The stars have aligned... our deluxe Moon Phase Watch is now **less than \$65! Plus, FREE sunglasses!**

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EDITOR'S NOTE



Clockwise from
left: Giraffe Woman
Sydney V. Smith,
Rodney Crowell,
and Taylor



POP SHOTS

Jim Rose, the Godfather of Modern Freak Show, turned Lollapalooza into an event, not a concert, in the early nineties with the Jim Rose Circus Side-show. Since then he's created a series of spectaculars; written his autobiography and two other books; contributed to the online community Fraud, Scam, Rip Off, and Con Artists Beware; and become a consultant for Fortune 500 companies. Now he's created a supersexy girlie show for *Penthouse* starring strong woman **Kelly Shibari**, Giraffe Woman **Sydney V. Smith**, and ringmaster **Sarah Jessie**. He told us how intrigued he was by the idea of directing a photo shoot, saying, "The *Penthouse* brand is very, very important. My dad used to say, 'Son, you know you've had a productive day when you run out of semen.' And who's done more for being 'productive' than *Penthouse*? For many, many years it's helped people run out of semen, and I just wanted to be part of that family. We're doing God's work in the *Penthouse* family." We couldn't agree more, and we're happy to have Rose's help this month (page 49).

TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE

Reporter **John Rico** set out to check on the situation with the 3,000-plus refugees camped out in Calais, France, trying to make their way into the United Kingdom. His trip didn't go quite as he'd planned, which led to a humorous dispatch on being manipulated into making beer runs. After the terrorist attacks in Paris on November 13, however, and the revelations that at least one bomber made it to France by going through a refugee camp in Greece, the article provides a frightening look at lax security measures that are sure to have been changed by the time you read this (page 40)... On a lighter note, we've got a roundup of winter festivals that are surprisingly hot, "Where the Girls Are: Winter 2016" (page 82).

TALK, TALK, TALK

Alanna Nash interviews country-music heavy-weight **Rodney Crowell** (page 58), Features Editor **John Bolster** catches up with comedian **Marc Maron** in Stand-up Guys (page 108), **Matt Gallagher** shares four stories of holidays in the military in Embrace the Suck (page 46), and Politics and Culture Editor **Steve Faber** explains why he thinks Hillary Clinton just might have the 2016 presidential election locked up (page 88).

THE 2016 PET OF THE YEAR PLAYOFF

But let's take a break from that tedious presidential-election rhetoric. We've got the candidates in the sexiest contest right here. Our annual Pet of the Year Playoff brings you 12 superhot sirens who are all worthy of recognition, but only one can succeed our 2015 Queen, **Layla Sin**. Spend some quality time reacquainting yourself with our 2015 centerfolds with our year in review (page 26). And keep your eye on upcoming polls on PenthouseMagazine.com so you can have your say in our second-annual Readers' Choice Awards.... Of course, this magazine is always all about the ladies. We kick off a whole new year with our gorgeous January 2016 Pet of the Month, **Christiana Cinn**, shot by **James Hersman** (page 64). She's joined in these pages by the ribald antics of **Alyssa and Tiffany**, who were photographed by **Tammy Sands** (page 94), and our retrospective pictorial from December 1995, a steamy black-and-white set of **Taylor** from photog **J. Stephen Hicks** (page 112). Plus, June 1993 Pet **Sam Phillips** got up-close and personal with our 2015 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, **Skin Diamond**, for Pet Confidential (page 90), and in Parting Shot we look back at a steamy pairing of 2006 Pet of the Year **Jamie Lynn** and 2007 Pet of the Year **Heather Vandeven** (page 142). Enjoy! 



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WELCOMING MY NEW NEIGHBOR



Michelle moved into the house across the street from mine just a few months ago. I saw the trucks parked outside one day, but I didn't meet my new neighbor until several weeks later, when we both happened to be picking up our morning papers from our driveways at the same time. She was wearing a terry-cloth robe, and when I smiled and waved, she uncrossed her arms to wave back. That move caused her robe to fall open, revealing her totally naked body.

I thought it was a lucky accident until she winked, smiled, and cupped her big, full breasts. She played her thumbs over her nipples, giving me an immediate hard-on that tented the front of my sweats.

With her robe still hanging open, Michelle picked up her paper, crossed the street, and extended her hand in greeting, saying, "I've always wanted

to flash a stranger."

I wanted to do some flashing of my own as her breasts rose and fell with every breath. With my gaze locked on her hard nipples, I was ready to come in my pants and considered telling her that, but it didn't seem like something one should say to a total stranger, even one with her tits hanging out. "It doesn't look like you minded, though," she added, licking her soft pink lips. "Maybe you could come over for coffee and tell me about the neighborhood, neighbor."

I continued standing there silently as she winked once again, turned, and walked back to her house. Then I went back inside and threw some water on my face before making a beeline for Michelle's.

I let myself into her house and called out. Michelle was waiting for me in the living room—no indication she'd even started to make coffee. She was lying back on the sofa, her robe

on the floor. She touched her fingers to her cunt, and I swallowed as she slowly licked them clean. Then she slid those same fingers along her slit and said, "You've made me all wet."

I sat next to her and watched her get her fingers nice and slick again. When they were completely coated with her juice, she extended her hand and painted my lips with her warm nectar. I licked her fingers clean as she placed her bare foot in my lap and massaged my aching cock. Pre-come had already left a damp spot on my sweats, and I was on the brink of shooting my load. I wasn't about to waste good jizz. I moved her foot, and her greedy little hands pulled the drawstring at my waist. My dick was so hard that it popped right out when I pushed down my sweats. Michelle gave it a squeeze and a few firm strokes, then moved so that she straddled my lap.

Michelle inched down slowly, her hot, wet pussy swallowing my stiff dick in a single gulp. I gave each of her bouncing breasts a kiss, then she leaned forward and pressed her mouth to mine. Our lips met and our tongues wrestled as she rocked on my stiff pole.

It was quickly becoming the hottest fuck of my life, and I fought to make it last as long as possible. But by the time she hit what had to be her third orgasm, I gave in to the urge to fill her tight pussy with my hot cream. God, she was hot and sexy, and I was already thinking about the next time we'd screw. When I hit my peak, she cried out as she came again. Her cunt pulsed around my shaft, coaxing one more tiny blast of liquid from my balls. I don't think that I had ever before come so hard or so much.

I left soon after that, not bothering to ask Michelle about making coffee. But she still wanted to know about the neighborhood. I told her I'd return after making a run to the deli for some breakfast, but I had no intention of telling her anything about any of the single guys in the area—not until I'd had my fill of her, and I figured that was probably going to take some time.—J.P., New Jersey

More letters on page 130

Michelle straddled my lap and inched down slowly, her hot, wet pussy swallowing my stiff dick in a single gulp.

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Executive Editor: BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

Managing Editor: CHRISTINE COLBY

Features Editor: JOHN BOLSTER

Senior Editor: DEIRDRE M. GOLDBECK

Editor, Politics and Culture: STEVE FABER

Contributing Editors: ERIC DANVILLE, JENNIFER PETERS,
JONATHAN WARD (AUTOMOTIVE)

ART

Art Director, Publishing Group: JOHN AROCHO

Art Director: JOHN FARACI

Designers: PIERRE BAGWELL-GREEN, CASSIANNE GIAMMARINO

Photo Researcher: MARY ANN GUGLIETTA

PRODUCTION

Vice President, Art, Manufacturing & Production: MICHAEL TANG

Production Manager: MARIO IANNOTTA

Photo Retoucher: GIL VELEZ

Graphic Production Assistant: JOSHUA K. NAHAS

Production Assistant: PAMELA FERRER

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Associate Publisher: RICH MCENTEE

Advertising Inquiries: ADSALES@FFN.COM

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

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The background is a dark navy blue with a dense pattern of tropical plants. Large green monstera leaves are at the top and bottom. Various flowers are scattered throughout: a large orange dahlia on the left, a red and white hibiscus at the top right, a pineapple at the bottom right, and several other red and pink flowers. A vibrant pink flamingo stands on the left side, facing right. The text is centered in a white, stylized font.

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FULL FRONTAL



MAKING IT RAIN



Forget zombies and vampires—the new Showtime drama *Billions* proves that morally bankrupt financiers are equally effective villains. Damian Lewis (*Homeland*) stars as a hedge-fund investor whose meteoric success draws suspicion from a hard-nosed U.S. attorney (Paul Giamatti) who's determined to prove he's breaking the rules. We doubt the casting could have been more perfect—including the lovely Malin Akerman as Mrs. Financier—and can't wait to see Giamatti and Lewis play out their cat-and-mouse game.

By Kara Wahlgren

QUICK PICKS

FLICKS



Ride Along 2

Despite being mostly slammed by critics, the original *R.A.* buddy-cop flick raked in more than \$150 million worldwide. As we all know, money speaks louder than film critics. Kevin Hart and Ice Cube return as Ben and James, who are on a mission to take down a notorious kingpin in Miami and get home in time for Ben's nuptials. Critics complained that, for an action-comedy, the original didn't have enough action or comedy; the sequel will step up its game in both departments, adding bigger action sequences and the always-funny Olivia Munn and Ken Jeong. It's not brain food, but it's worth another ride.



13 Hours: The Secret Soldiers of Benghazi

Just as the election year kicks off, this historical thriller—which is either poorly or brilliantly timed, depending on which candidate you're rooting for—provides an inside look at the militant attack on the American diplomatic compound in Libya and the six-man security team who defied orders and risked their lives to defend the surviving Americans. With Michael Bay at the helm, we're expecting plenty of explosive action—but we hope his penchant for pyrotechnics doesn't overshadow the incredible bravery of the film's real-life heroes.

TV



Johnny Carson

Starting this month, Stephen Colbert and Jimmys Fallon and Kimmel will have some competition from the original king of late night. For the first time since Johnny Carson signed off in 1992, Antenna TV will air full episodes of his reign on *The Tonight Show* (rebranded as simply *Johnny Carson* to avoid trademark issues with NBC). There's no shortage of talent in that time slot, but the welcome addition of Carson nostalgia gives us one more reason to stay up late.



Colony

USA's dystopian drama—the brainchild of *Lost* producer Carlton Cuse and *Hercules* writer Ryan Condal—centers on a near-future Los Angeles that's been occupied by a mysterious alien force. But it's not a show about battling space invaders; it skips ahead to the aftermath, when the “new order” has taken hold and people are struggling to adapt. Josh Holloway (another *Lost* alum) stars as a former FBI agent who, in order to protect his family, is forced to team up with the occupying forces to bring down a mounting resistance.



Full Frontal With Samantha Bee

Samantha Bee, a longtime member of *The Daily Show*'s team of correspondents, had been rumored to be a front-runner to replace Jon Stewart as host. Instead, she signed on with TBS to make her own damn show. According to the promo, she'll bring not only a “nuanced perspective on world events,” but also a set of ten-pound lady balls to the late-night talk-show game. Hey, as long as we get our nightly fill of her sarcastic take on the news, we're happy.



Megadeth *Dystopia*

Megadeth has been soldiering on for more than three decades, through numerous lineup changes and even a brief disbanding after frontman Dave Mustaine suffered a bizarre arm injury. The new album once again comes with fresh blood: Angra's Kiko Loureiro and Lamb of God's Chris Adler are filling in on guitar and drums, respectively. With songs like "Post-American World," "Conquer... or Die!" and "Foreign Policy," it's safe to say the metal legends haven't lost their knack for politically charged thrash.



Hinds *Leave Me Alone*

The rock landscape is pretty rife with testosterone these days, so we're stoked to see this all-female (all-badass) group sneaking into the boys' club. The garage band out of Madrid has gained a following quickly, thanks to their playful vibe and a live show with a hilarious don't-give-a-fuck vibe. While they were still building their set list, they would play half-finished songs and dance to pop music when they ran out of material. Now they have an album full of songs that blend sixties R & B with fuzzy, low-fidelity rock. Weirdly enough, it totally works.

Hip-Hop Heavies

Three long-hyped albums are hitting stores this month.

Lil Wayne *Tha Carter V*

After seemingly endless delays—the lead single, "Believe Me," came out nearly two years ago—Weezy is finally dropping the fifth album in his *Tha Carter* series. (He says it's also his last, but we know how that usually goes.) Along with the first single, look for another Drake collaboration, "Grindin'."

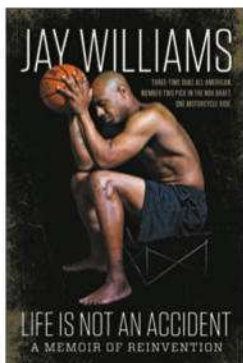
50 Cent *Street King Immortal*

Fif has kept pretty quiet about the details of his latest record, but look for "Get Low" (with Jeremih, T.I., and 2 Chainz) and a rumored appearance from Big Sean.

Ty Dolla \$ign *Free TC*

Is there anyone in the music biz who *didn't* make an appearance on Ty's new album? The lengthy guest list includes Kendrick Lamar, Brandy, Babyface, Kanye, Wiz Khalifa, Fetty Wap, R. Kelly, and more.

READS



Jay Williams *Life Is Not an Accident*

Jay Williams was poised to be an NBA legend. After leading Duke to an NCAA championship, he was the Bulls' No. 2 draft pick. By all accounts, we should have been hearing his name in the same breath as Kobe Bryant's and Stephen Curry's. But after only one season in the pros, Williams slammed his motorcycle into a light pole; his career was over before he hit the ground. In his memoir, Williams recounts his freak accident and the depression that followed—but also the inspiring lessons he learned while rebuilding his life.

Chris Bohjalian *The Guest Room*

In this page-turner from the best-selling author of *Midwives*, suburban dad Richard Chapman throws his brother a bawdy bachelor party. The night of drunken debauchery ends nightmarishly when the hired strippers—who, it turns out, are actually Russian sex slaves—murder their bodyguards and run for their lives. In the shit storm that follows, Chapman has to deal with an angry wife, unwanted media attention, and a truckload of guilt. It's a fast-paced novel about the seedy underworld of human trafficking. **A-**



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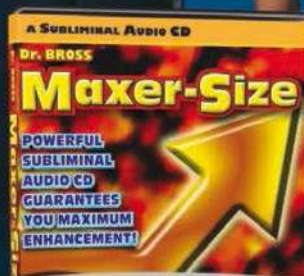
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HOW TO BURN FAT WITHOUT RUNNING

Four cardio exercises to try if you really hate to run. • By Joe Vennare



Let's be honest, running sucks. It's not that there's anything wrong with running, per se. On the surface, it seems harmless enough: Lace up your shoes, loosen up your body, and put one foot in front of the other. Work up a sweat while working your way around the neighborhood, track, or tree-lined trail. *Wow! Come to think of it, that actually sounds delightful*, you say to yourself.

Ha! When that happens, star that day on your calendar. Because, and I hate to be the one to rain on your running parade, you'll never see running in a positive light ever again. From that moment on, you will hate running more and more with each passing day.

The downward spiral begins innocently enough with a trip to some cockamammy store that specializes in selling running shoes. Budget three hours and two hundred dollars (minimum) for this

experience. Expect the sales associates to ignore whatever request you make. Apparently, you don't know your own shoe size. That, or these folks get paid based on the number of feet they measure. And once you find a pair of shoes you like? Don't worry, they'll tell you all the reasons why it's wrong for your body type.

Did he just call me "fat"?

While you're still wondering about the weight-related wisecrack, and whether or not this running "expert" thinks you're out of shape, he confirms your suspicion when he tells you you'll have to run on the store's treadmill. He insists it's because he wants to analyze your running form, but you know the truth—he's trying to embarrass you, kill you, or both.

As you walk out of the store with your new sneakers, heart-rate monitor, GPS-enabled watch, and moisture-wicking (what the fuck?) running outfit, it hits you: You hate running. Well, I'd be lying if I said I didn't see that coming.

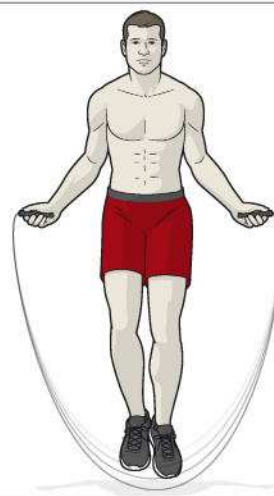
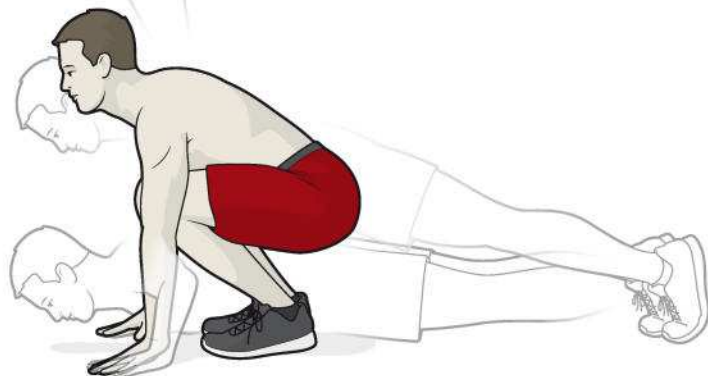
Running sucks (and what to do instead)

Okay, great! Now that we're all in agreement with respect to how shitty running is, there's something else I'd like to point out—mainly that the fact that running sucks is not an excuse to be lazy and out of shape. Which means that while you don't have to run, you do have to get off your ass and exercise. If you need some cardio in your life, forget about running and give one (or all) of these moves a try instead.



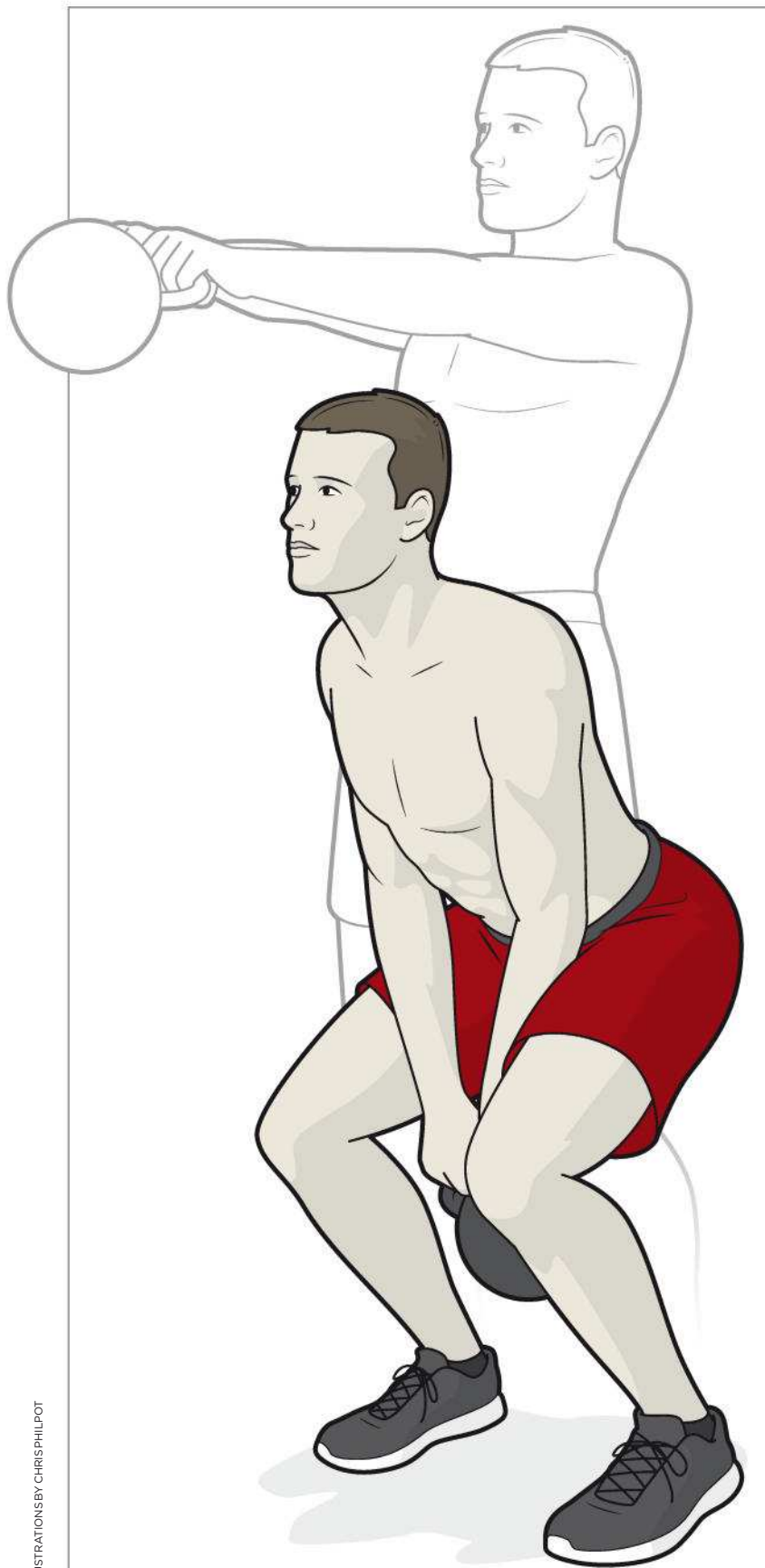
Burpees: What do you get when you combine a push-up with a jumping jack? Say hello to the burpee. It's a strength-building, heart-pumping exercise that builds muscle while burning fat. Holy shit! That sounds amazing—like some kind of miracle exercise. Well, kind of. The real miracle is performing ten burpees in a row without vomiting on yourself or passing out, or vomiting on yourself before passing out.

Do this: Starting from a standing position, prepare to hit the deck. You'll jump down into the top of a plank and perform a push-up. After your push-up, return to the plank position. From there, you'll need to replace your hands with your feet. Jump your feet forward as you lift your hands from the floor. Finish this move off by springing up from the floor and clapping your hands over your head.



Jump rope: No, we're not talking about the stuff of school yards, so you can forget about double Dutch. You need to channel your inner boxer, the one with fancy footwork, doing crossovers as you skip rope at a high speed. Yes, it will take practice. But in no time you'll be drenched in sweat and skipping rope like a pro. Basically, you'll look like you went for a run, except you didn't move from a two-by-two-foot square in the corner of the gym. Brilliant!

Do this: When it comes to jumping rope, there's nothing to it but to do it. Seriously. This is one of those times when practice really does make perfect. Grab a rope (preferably a rope built for speed) and start by simply trying not to fuck up while doing some single hops. In time, pick up the pace. Then, once you get good, you can alternate between feet, or sprint in place by picking your knees up high. Eventually, if you stick with it, you can cross the rope over and even try double-unders—that's when you jump once and the rope goes around twice.




Kettle-bell swings: *It's all in the hips.* Ah, yes. The sage advice of salsa dancers, porn stars, and anyone swinging a kettle bell. This cannonball-shaped weight with a handle attached is meant to be lifted using the legs and core, not pulled with the arms or lower back. Done correctly, you can burn more calories swinging a kettle bell than most forms of exercise. Done as part of high-interval circuits, you'll burn as many calories swinging a weight as you would running.

Do this: Stand over the kettle bell with feet hip-width apart, chest up, shoulders back and down. You'll be straddling the kettle bell so the weight is in line with the middle of your foot. Squat, then grab the kettle bell with palms facing down and a loose grip on the handle. Stand up, while swinging the bell forward and backward between your knees. Now, drive through your heels, fire your hips forward, and let your arms—and thus the kettle bell—follow. Once the weight reaches eye level, allow it to swing back between your quads, reload your hips, and repeat.



Rowing: Admittedly, this exercise machine is a bit misleading. The name, *rower*, suggests that you'll need to heave and ho with your arms and upper body to move along. Not the case. What you might not realize is that this piece of equipment, technically known as an ergometer, is meant to mimic rowing on the water in a scull or shell. Thing is, those boats, like this machine, are built on a sliding track, which means that your legs do the majority of the work, and your arms finish the movement. When done correctly, rowing is one of the most efficient and effective (and exhausting) forms of exercise there is.

Do this: Sit down on the rower—slowly! The seat will slide out from under you if you're not careful. Strap your feet in. Grab the handle with both hands. Sit up tall, engage your core, and drive through your legs. As the seat slides backward, begin the pull with your arms. Extend your body and pull the handle to the chest. Initiate the second phase of the movement by pushing your hands away from your body, hinge at the hips, then bend at the knees and slide back to the starting position. 

WIND OF CHANGE

In the 1930s, despite the burden of the Great Depression, America experienced an era of high design. • By Jonathan Ward



A 1937 Lincoln 730 Zephyr Fordor—not this barn find.



In the 1930s, people were ready for something new, something pointing toward an exciting and prosperous future. Art Deco design was transforming, evolving into a new style known as Streamline Moderne. It seemed that everything was under audit, from trains to tableware, with all of it undergoing a high level of design (and redesign) consideration. As people became enchanted with such new icons as the Empire State Building, the Golden Gate Bridge, and the magical Burlington *Silver Streak Zephyr* train, car designers became eager to cater to the market and jump on this emerging style.

This streamlining reduced forms to a more simple shape. Specifically,

Chrysler made a brave leap forward in car design with the Airflow in 1934. Absolutely everything about the car was novel in terms of design approach. It was reportedly the first car created using a wind tunnel, which helped the designers develop a uniquely aerodynamic, fluid, and efficient shape. Unfortunately, it was just a bit *too* novel for consumers of the time, and it flopped. However, Edsel Ford was racing to come up with something to fill the void in his company's lineup, thinking this design concept was worth further consideration.

Ford had already been testing consumer responses with a full-scale wooden mock-up of a streamlined rear-engine concept car (coincidentally designed by John Tjaarda, the



PHOTOGRAPH BY (ABOVE) TRANSCOL/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

same guy who did the Airflow for Chrysler). While people were receptive to the design, they were not so excited about the rear engine.

Ford wanted a new car to fill the gap between the V-8 De Luxe line of cars (\$585 to \$900) and the Lincoln K-Series luxury line (\$4,400 to \$7,050). His idea was to attract young professionals to Ford by creating a fresh design inspired by that concept car. With the help of designer Eugene Turenne Gregorie, the company revised the mechanical layout and tweaked and evolved the body lines a bit. It worked. When it launched in 1936, the Lincoln Zephyr line represented 80 percent of Lincoln's total sales, with a price point ranging from \$1,165 to \$1,425. In 1937, Lincoln sold more than 30,000 units. There were several body styles offered, but the most famous was the 1937 coupe. It was not the best-selling version, but it has proved to be the most timeless and sought-after model through the decades. There were only 5,199 Zephyr coupes made in 1937, and fewer than 55 are known to exist today.

As a rabid car geek and fan of this era of design, I have always lusted after the 1937 Zephyr coupe. I have seen maybe five in person, and perhaps a total of eight for sale over the years. Imagine my excitement when one of my classic-car hunters sent me a lead about one that might be for sale in Northern California. All we had to go on was an expired Craigslist ad and a few comments about a cagey owner ... and the fact that no one had been able to get the car from him.

I eventually tracked him down, and we discussed the car. His dad had bought it in the 1940s, and it had been sitting in his barn since 1952, untouched. The seller was not really a car guy, and he had been struggling to come up with a fair price for it. Craigslist buyers had pitched offers of up to about \$35,000; his friends had been telling him to take the money and run, but he wasn't sure.



The 1937 Zephyr—one of 5,199 made—was in a dilapidated barn, surrounded by old water tanks and a 1960s cargo container.

I quickly gained his trust when I told him his friends were wrong, and the car was worth more. When we couldn't settle on a number, I was disappointed to see him list it on eBay. The cat was out of the bag. Fortunately for me, his listing was vague and his photos sucked, so after the bids ran up to \$50,000 with the reserve not met, we were able to settle on a price and close a deal the next morning.

As we spoke further, he explained that the car would be difficult to extract from the barn. It was propped up on tree stumps (it didn't have rear tires or wheels) in a dilapidated barn, surrounded by old water tanks and a 1960s cargo container. The only reason the garage had not caved in yet was because there was a 1940s semi parked in front of it that was holding

up the roof. He also mentioned that this was just one of the cars in his late father's hoard. I smelled a story. I told him not to touch, wash, or move the car. I contacted a rock-star-photographer friend in San Francisco, and arranged for him to photograph the car and the rest of the collection—and to document the harrowing process of freeing the Zephyr from its tomb.

We had to disassemble the barn plank by plank. In the process, we found the car's keys, fender covers, and hubcaps. After a solid day of work, the Zephyr sat in the sun for the first time in 60 years. It was a sight to behold. And while the guy's collection will be sold piece by piece at auction, I have big plans for the Zephyr. We will be restoring it at ICON as part of our Reformer line. I'll keep you posted on our progress. 🙌



SIMPLY BETTER

Familiar gear that's improved for the New Year. • By Crispin Boyer



■ Connect wireless stick

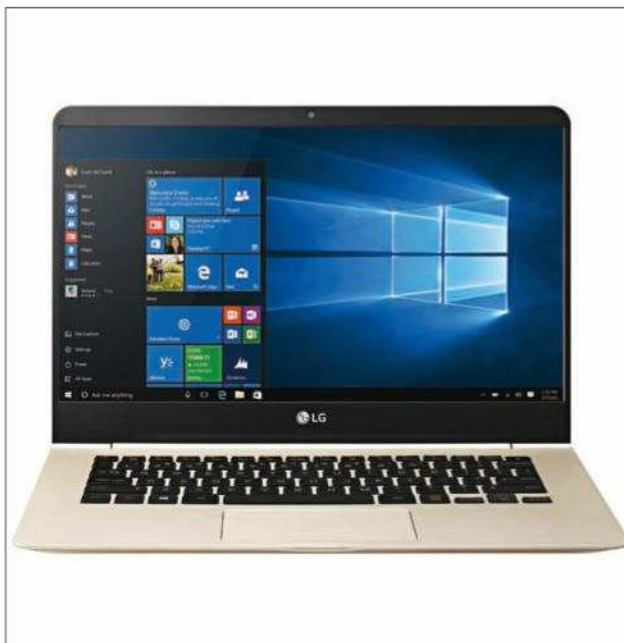
SanDisk • \$30 to \$100
(16 to 128 gigabytes)

This pinkie-size memory stick looks just like the dozens of other USB dongles you've consigned to junk drawers and work-bag pockets. But it has one important distinction: You can access it from those drawers and pockets without having to physically plug it in (well, except to charge it). This Wi-Fi-enabled USB stick connects wirelessly to your computer, smartphone, tablet, or media streamer, sharing its content from afar. It can even stream videos or music to up to three devices simultaneously, making it the perfect entertainment hub for road trips or camping. Set the stick up as an external drive to automatically back up files on your computer, or store media for your phone without wasting precious memory space.

■ Savant universal remote

Savant • \$499 (remote, signal booster, and controller)

De-clutter your coffee table and free your smartphone from command-and-control duty with this sleek universal remote that's designed to do more than just flip channels or change the input to your Xbox One. It's part of a larger package that includes a Wi-Fi bridge, a lamp controller, and a signal booster for larger homes, making it future-proofed to work with a range of smart-home systems, including lights and thermostats. Right out of the box, it's ready to auto-detect more than 380,000 entertainment devices—from Apple TV to Sonos to your old Zenith boob tube. A high-definition touch screen displays new contextual buttons based on the device selected. As you add smart components to your home, you can cue multi-gizmo profiles with a voice command (for instance, get dimmed lights and romantic tunes by saying, "Bow-chicka-wow-wow!").



■ Gram 14-inch laptop


LG • \$1,000

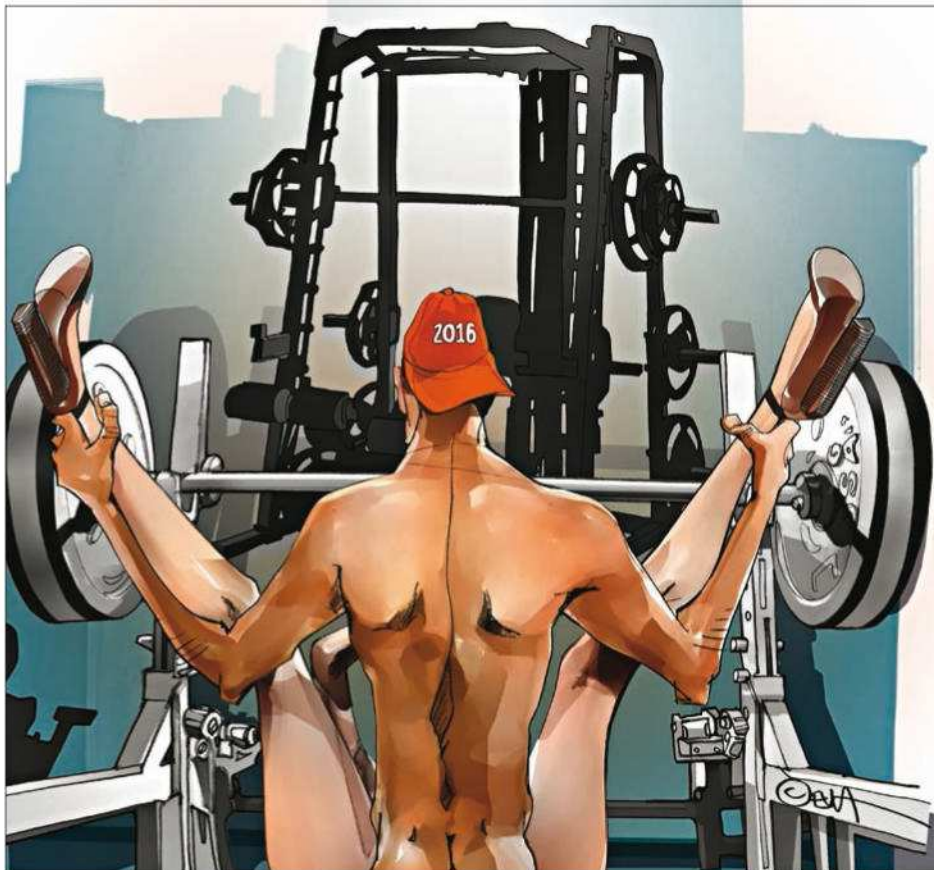
This is a PC fan's answer to Apple's MacBook Air: a no-fuss, everyday machine that's light enough to hoist between your thumb and forefinger. This flagship laptop from the display experts at LG has a vibrant screen capable of a MacBook-beating 1,920 by 1,080 resolution, plus a reading mode that's easier on your eyes. The Core i5 processor in the medium-level model can handle any productivity software and even some light gaming (although the sub-five-hour battery life is disappointing, especially compared to the Air's 20 hours). Aside from its near weightlessness (it's just under a kilogram, hence the name), the Gram's greatest strength is its easy-breezy functionality. The system boots instantly and is mercifully free of the "bloatware" junk programs that infect many Windows machines.



■ LyfeLens

LyfeLens • \$349

Dash cams are more than just the internet's primary source of Russia's funniest road videos. Mounting one in your car can prove your innocence in an accident and help keep your insurance rates from launching through the moonroof. The LyfeLens system goes a step further and protects your car while it's parked. High-definition cameras pointed at the road and into your car monitor for break-ins or fender-bending "bump and runs" in parking lots. The unit sends alerts and video feeds to your smartphone if it detects unauthorized entries and impacts, while reporting your car's current location. It also doubles as a 4G LTE hot spot (subscription required), keeping you and your passengers connected during the commute. 



NEW YEAR'S EVOLUTION

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to jump-start your sex life in 2016.

It's hard to admit this, but 2015 has been completely dry for me. I was busy finishing up my MBA and didn't have time for the dating scene. I chatted with a few promising women online, but when we met in person they just weren't into me. I had the same problem back in high school: girl friends instead of girlfriends. I'm not even 30! I know this is supposed to be the prime of my life and I should be experiencing different women, but I don't know what women want. How do I get out of this funk?

Damn, dude, that sucks. You must be putting a lot of effort into being celibate without realizing it. You need an intervention, and I'm just the man to give it to you. Usually, I advise people to become better versions of themselves, but that's not going to work for you. This dry season has shaken your confidence, and

you're going to have to fake it until you (literally) make it. I'll tell you how to look like the kind of guy who gets laid, and you can take it from there.

First, examine your reflection in the mirror right now. If you were a hot, sexually confident woman, would you want to fuck you? No. You couldn't get laid in Amsterdam's red-light district with a fistful of euros. Now, drop and

give me 50. Seriously, 50 push-ups. Right now. No? Then your first order of business is ...

Get your ass to a gym three to four times a week. Sign up for a class. I don't care which one: spinning, Pilates, boot camp, TRX, kettle bells, hell, even yoga. Just one hour a day will improve how you look and feel exponentially—with the added benefit of providing regular interaction with hot, sweaty women.

Get a good haircut. If you're like most guys, you haven't changed your grooming habits since high school. Well, a dab of Dep will no longer do ya. Hit the barbershop every two weeks to trim your hair and/or beard. When choosing a hairstyle, think Elvis Presley (before he got fat and dressed like a superhero) or James Dean. You want a tidier, modern version of that, with less grease to mess up her pillowcases.

Consider growing a beard. Sure, the media forecasts the beard trend will be ending soon, but millions of years of evolution can't be wrong. Beards are like breast implants for dudes—women find themselves gravitating toward your increased masculinity. And if your face is busted or your chin is weak, a beard solves that problem for you. Insider tip: Don't even try to maintain a beard on your own—you're just going to screw it up and look Amish. Don't be that dude.

Keep your clothing style simple. Remember, straight men cannot be trusted to style themselves. You probably have some idea in your head about how you should dress. Well, unless that idea was put in your head by a hot chick, forget it. If you're going to show off your new and improved physique, go for a classic pair of dark-rinse jeans, a fitted T-shirt in black or gray or a tailored button-front shirt, and a decent pair of black boots. Don't go sleeveless unless you're at the gym. If you're not a pro athlete, take off the baseball hat.

Now, look at you! As a guy who can proudly look in the mirror knowing he's attractive to women, you still need a slump-buster. Don't overthink it. It's important to break the yearlong cold spell as soon as you can. When baseball players find themselves in a slump, they seek out a promiscuous woman they'd normally have nothing to do with and go home with her for the night. Once the slump is busted, the curse is over and they're hitting home runs again. And so will you. **OH**

SNOW BUSINESS

Stock up for the upcoming wild winter with downhill gear. • By Crispin Boyer



■ Cool Bean snowboard

K2 • \$400

Between the record-setting El Niño on the West Coast and the polar jet stream roaring over the East Coast, it looks like winter 2016 might squeeze the country in a vise of ice and snow. Exploit all that fresh powder with a fat board designed to carve down black-diamond trails like a surfboard riding monster waves at Mavericks. With its stubby shape, lifted nose, and fish tail, the Cool Bean floats over deep drifts and handles groomed runs like a typical all-mountain board. It's available in the one-size-fits-most length of 144 centimeters, short enough to toss in the trunk without fussing with roof racks. Regardless of your skill level, it's geared toward powder-hound skiers and snowboarders who are looking to try something new.



■ Lily camera drone

Lily Robotics • \$999

If you pull off a sick backflip in the terrain park and no one is around to see it, does it still happen? Show-off mountaineers who travel sans camera crew need this drone, which works like a flying cameraman to capture your stunts from above. Simply strap its tracking device to your wrist, chuck the Lily into the air, and head down in pursuit of glory. The drone springs to life and begins following at speeds up to 25 miles an hour while recording 1,080p video at 60 frames per second. A companion app lets you adjust the following distance—from 5 feet to 100 feet—and recording options (such as slow-motion or 12-megapixel stills). The drone flies for 20 minutes on a single charge and will auto-land if it runs into trouble. The app also offers a low-resolution live feed so you can watch yourself slam into a tree in real time because you were too busy watching yourself slam into a tree to turn.



■ Forcite helmet


Forcite Helmet Systems • \$799

This combines the gadgetry of a GoPro camera, a UHF radio, and a GPS tracker in one lightweight, hands-free device. A camera and flash built into the front captures 4K video without the implied braggadocio of an ostentatious GoPro mount. Footage is stabilized and processed in real time by the brains of the operation: a quad-core microcomputer about the size of a pack of playing cards. The computer automatically cuts your footage into highlight reels based on speed, turning, and altitude information fed from the GPS module. You can then share your off-piste feats or edit them via a smartphone app. The built-in radio opens a party line to two people within 218 yards, and the headphones can tap into your cell for making calls or streaming tunes.



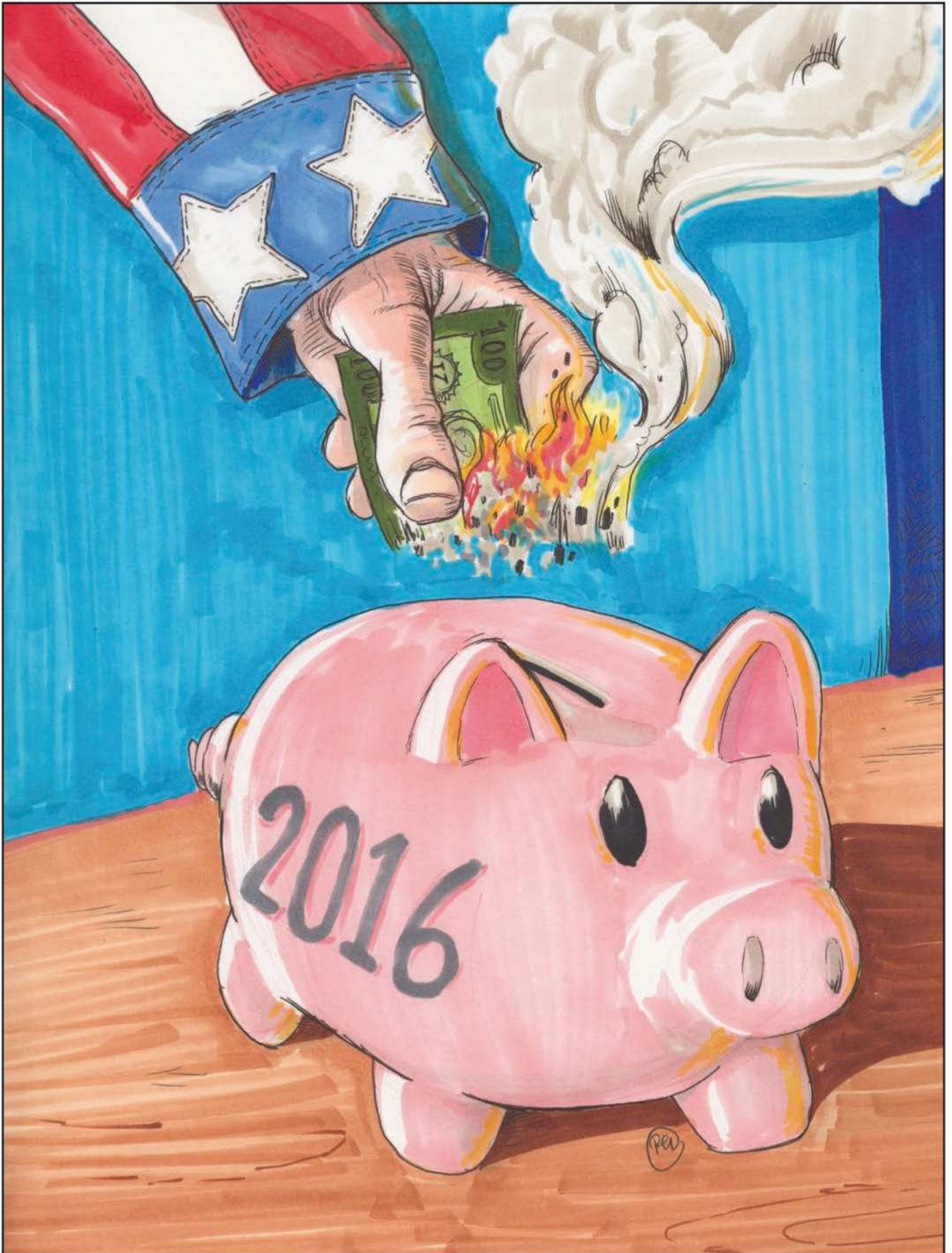
■ BoomJacket Bluetooth speaker

Altex Lansing • \$200

The dustproof, sandproof, shockproof, and snowproof brick-size BoomJacket is the perfect nearly indestructible speaker for blasting motivational riffs while gearing up in the parking lot or just passing the time with tunes on sluggish chairlifts. The dual drivers are more than punchy enough to project audio from the depths of your crap-packed backpack as you zoom downhill (although we recommend turning down the volume in avalanche country). A lithium-ion battery provides up to 40 hours of tunes, and does double duty as a charger for your mobile devices. And there's no need to stow the speaker at the hot tub—or when the snow melts. It's waterproof and floats, so it's ideal for boating and beachfront jams. 

SKETCHY TRUTHS

BY PELNYC





HARD PROOF

Technical Reserve is the world's strongest—and most versatile—spirit, used for everything from fiery pepper infusions to polishing lasers. • By Joshua M. Bernstein

There was a stretch in my hard-scrabble mid-twenties when I bought vodka by the plastic jug. Popov, Nikolai, Romanoff: The bottom-shelf vodkas' names were seemingly plucked from a Russian phone book. Me? I couldn't stand the flavor. Instead, I used the hooch as a base for infusion, adding strawberries, vanilla, or habañero peppers. Like going to raves, my youthful infusions became memories, if but for a very grown-up, time-crunched, I-have-money-now reason: Why spend the hours making something you can easily purchase at a liquor store?

Because you can do it better, I realized, after discovering Industry City Distillery's Technical Reserve. Checking in at 191.2 proof (95.6 percent alcohol by volume), it's the strongest alcohol sold, 1.2 proof more potent than that college standby Everclear—excellent for spitting fireballs and making boozy fruit punches. "People look at the proof and say, 'That's not much different from Everclear,'" says Industry City engineer David Kyrejko. "You can smell the

rubbing alcohol in Everclear. It's physically not present in what we make."

Here's what sets Technical Reserve apart (besides the fact that it's distilled in Brooklyn). The spirit, which starts life as sugar, is run through hand-built glass fractionating stills until it reaches the physical limit for naturally distilled ethyl alcohol, aka booze. The result is a product of unparalleled purity and neutrality that doesn't require additional filtration. "The funny thing about the vodka market is that people love to talk about purity, purity, purity," Kyrejko says. "But if you have to distill something six times and run it through charcoal, you don't get a pure product."

If you want to drink Technical Reserve by its lonesome, preferably with a few ice cubes and plenty of diluting water, that's perfectly acceptable. But the point of Technical Reserve, of going through that painstaking distillation process, is to use the spirit as a blank slate.

Infusion is pretty simple. Elementally, you're using alcohol as a solvent to extract chemical compounds or flavors. The higher the proof, the bet-

ter the extraction. Technical Reserve is so adept at stripping flavor that if you dumped orange peels into a bottle and gave it a good hard shake, the infusion would finish in as little as 20 minutes.

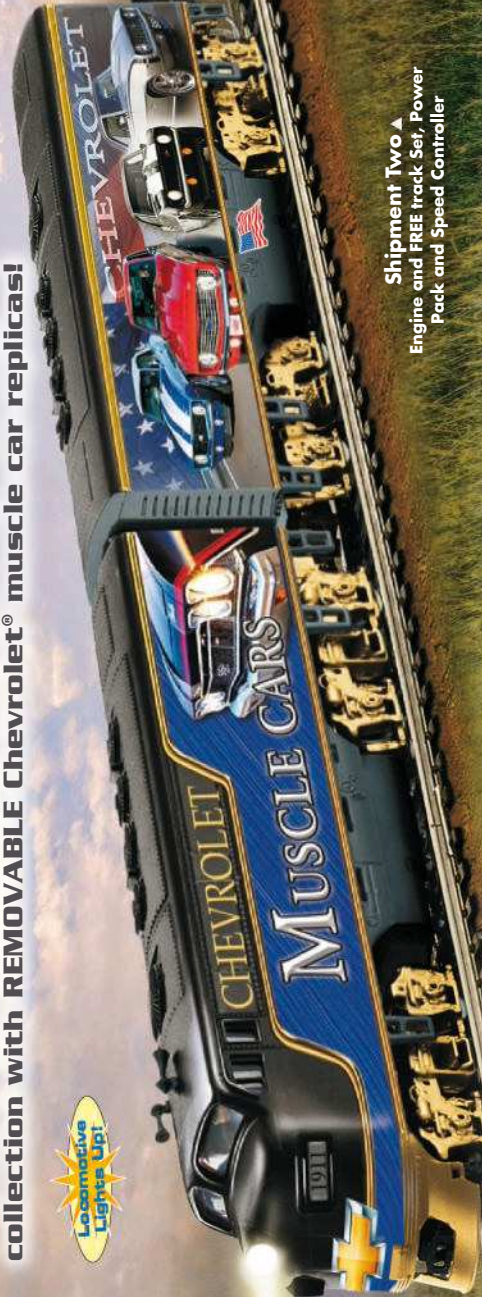
Since releasing the spirit in 2014, Industry City has engaged in a number of projects with Technical Reserve. The distillery has made bitters and limoncello liqueur, herbal concentrates and incendiary Scorpion Juice, which contains Trinidad Moruga Scorpion—the world's hottest pepper. "It's something like 500,000 Scovilles [a measure of a pepper's heat] per shot," Kyrejko says.

Kyrejko has discovered some unlikely suspects have also adopted Technical Reserve: Cooks are making concentrated cooking tinctures, scientists are employing the spirit to clean their lasers, and wet-plate photographers are using it to help create one-of-a-kind images. "It's a food product, but you don't have to use it for that," Kyrejko says. "It's an interesting testament to the refinement of the product. If you want the purest vodka, you buy Technical Reserve." **—J.M.B.**

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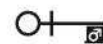
Pet of the Year

PLAYOFF

Our centerfolds are all so consistently worthy of recognition that it's always difficult to select just one to represent *Penthouse* for the upcoming year. Of course, looking back on a year's worth of gorgeous Pets is also one of our greatest annual pleasures. Our 2016 Queen, who will succeed the lovely Layla Sin (right), will be one of these 2015 Pets of the Month. We hope you thoroughly enjoy reacquainting yourself with them through this year in review.







ASPEN RAE

JANUARY 2015

Photograph by
Tammy Sands

Vital stats:

34-25-32; 5'8"
25 years old

Hometown:

Yosemite National Park.

**Your favorite thing
about your hometown:**

The natural beauty is
unlike any other place in
the world.

Your favorite food:

Nothing beats my
Italian grandmother's
homemade pasta. It
would make a Marxist
believe in God!

Your favorite sport:

I live for hockey season.

**What do you do in your
spare time?**

I love to travel and try
new food! In winter,
I'm always in search of
snow so I can board or
ski. In summer, I love to
go mountain biking.

Your favorite workout:

I've discovered that
sex in a car is a great
way to do both yoga
and cardio.

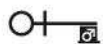
**What's your favorite
fantasy?**

I'd love to have sex in
outer space someday.

**What's the most
outrageous place
you've had sex?**

In a gondola in Utah.
That was exciting. I was
worried that we'd be
spotted and the police
would be waiting for us
at the bottom.

"I think kinkiness
is in the eye of the
beholder. But for
me, it's having sex
or masturbating
in public or semi-
public places."



KENNA JAMES

FEBRUARY 2015

Photograph by
Tammy Sands

Vital stats:

36-25-35; 5'8"
20 years old

Hometown:

Evansville, Indiana.

Your favorite thing

about your hometown:

My favorite strip club,
the Pony, is there, and
there's a great mall.

What do you do?

I'm taking one semester
off from my studies in
veterinary medicine to
model and work in the
adult industry.

What's the best thing
about your job?

I enjoy the income,
of course, and I meet
very unique and
interesting people.

What music gets you in
the mood?

Dubstep really gets
me going.

What's the hottest
movie sex scene?

Titanic and *Risky*
Business.

Your favorite way to
work out:

Dancing on my stripper
pole or doing yoga.

Your favorite way
to relax:

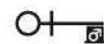
Doing yoga and
listening to music.

Your favorite sex
positions:

Missionary, doggie,
sixty-nine.

"It takes a daring
attitude to do adult
scenes. I was so
nervous, but so
excited at the same
time, during my first
shoot. It was the
most fun thing I've
ever done."





AVA DALUSH

MARCH 2015

Photograph by
Davide Esposito

Vital stats:
36-24-37; 5'
26 years old

Hometown:
Nottinghamshire,
England.

**Your favorite thing
about your hometown:**
It's very multicultural.

**Your favorite vacation
spot:**
Spain.

**Your dream vacation
spot:**
Cuba. I love the music
and the history.

**Your favorite way to
work out:**
There is no favorite way.
I have to be forced, and
pushed hard!

**Your favorite way to
relax:**
Sunbathing.

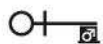
Your favorite TV show:
I'm an old soul, so
documentaries about
the past.

Favorite kind of music:
Soul and funk.

**What music gets you in
the mood?**
James Brown.

What's sexy in a man?
A seven-inch cock and a
sense of humor.

"The biggest turn-
on for me is a good
sense of humor, and I
like a guy who knows
what he's doing.
He also has to be
able to deal with an
independent lady."



ALEKSA SLUSARCHI

APRIL 2015

Photograph by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:

33-23-34; 5'5"
21 years old

Your hometown:

Kharkov, Ukraine.

Your favorite thing

about your hometown:
I love it just because it's
my home.

If you could live

anywhere, it would be:
Somewhere where it's
always summer.

Your favorite vacation
spot:

Sri Lanka. I was sur-
prised by the beautiful
and deserted beaches.
I've never experienced
that kind of relaxation
anywhere else.

Your dream vacation
spot:

Japan.

Your favorite food:

Seafood, especially
salmon.

Your favorite drinks:

White wine, Baileys
Irish Cream.

Your favorite way to
work out:

Stretching and dancing.

Your favorite way
to relax:

Smoking a hookah.

Your favorite sound:

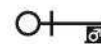
The noise of the surf,
and my cat purring.

Do you want to be
famous?

I'm already famous.

"There's no single
way to tell a man
what you want. It
all depends on the
situation, the place,
and the person."





KENDRA SUNDERLAND

MAY 2015

Photograph by
Tammy Sands

Vital stats:

32G-23-35; 5'9"
20 years old

Hometown:

Salem, Oregon.

**Your favorite things
about your hometown:**

It's so pretty in the
summertime, and
my friends and family
are there.

**Your favorite foods
and drink:**

Pizza, steak, ribs;
Red Bull.

**Your favorite kind
of music:**

Anything but country.

**What sports do
you play?**

I've tried every sport,
and have just about
every last-place medal
there is.

**What do you like to do
in your spare time?**

Sleep and masturbate.

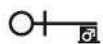
**What's the most
remarkable sexual
experience you've
ever had?**

A thumb up my ass
during sex. I'd never
come so hard before!

**What gets you in
trouble?**

The urge to get naked
and play with myself in
public ... but everybody
already knows that!

"I don't have any
fetishes, unless
spanking counts.
My favorite kinks
are dirty talk and
touching each
other in public when
nobody can tell what
you're doing."



JENNA IVORY

JUNE 2015

Photograph by
Tammy Sands

Vital stats:
36D-26-42; 5'6"
22 years old

Hometown:
Tacoma, Washington.

**Your favorite thing
about your hometown:**
Going back to visit my
loved ones.

**If you won a million
dollars, you'd:**
Start a charitable
foundation to assist
foster children who are
aging out of the system.

Your favorite TV shows:
I Love Lucy and *The
Andy Griffith Show*.

Your favorite movies:
My Fair Lady and *The
Flight of the Phoenix*.

What gets you excited?
My Hitachi and hot
women.

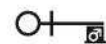
**What gets you in
trouble?**
My bluntness.

You're always up for:
Trying new things.

You're never up for:
Making a mistake a
second time.

"If I could have any
job, I'd be in law
enforcement. I've
always had a desire
to protect and serve
those around me.
And I often fantasize
about being taken by
a dirty cop."





TOMI TAYLOR

JULY 2015

Photograph by
Tammy Sands

Vital stats:

34D-24-32; 5'10"
26 years old

Your hometown:

Moreno Valley,
California.

**Your favorite thing
about your hometown:**
Honestly, nothing.

Your ethnicity:

Native American
and Greek.

Your favorite TV shows:

Game of Thrones and
Dog the Bounty Hunter.

Your favorite sport:

Ultimate Fighting.

Your favorite way to get

a workout:

Get off my ass and go to
the gym.

**What's the most daring
thing you've ever done?**
Skydiving.

You're always up for:

A challenge.

You're never up for:

Hidden motives.

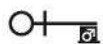
Your favorite fantasy:

Being tied up and made
love to.

**What's your favorite
sex position?**

Doggie.

"I think the most
badass thing I've
done is... getting my
own motorcycle.
I have a Suzuki
GSX-R750."



SAMANTHA BENTLEY

AUGUST 2015

Photograph by
Matt Christie

Vital stats:

32DD-24-32; 5'4"
28 years old

Hometown:

London, England.

Your favorite things

about your hometown:

The history, the culture,
the vibe.

**Your favorite vacation
spot:**

Norway or Venice,
Italy. They're mind-
blowing in completely
different ways.

**Your dream vacation
spot:**

Iceland. I want to see
the northern lights
more than anything!

**What's your secret
talent?**

I play classical piano.

**Who's your favorite
superhero?**

Wolverine. He's
definitely a badass.

**Your favorite way to
work out:**

Yoga or sex.

**Your favorite way to
relax:**

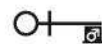
Yoga or sex.

**What do you consider
kinky?**

I love being dominated.
I think that's quite kinky.
In my day-to-day life I'm
in control of everything.
In the bedroom, I want
my man in control.

"The most badass
thing I've ever done
was be in a band
called Drugdealer
Cheerleader. I used
to wear a ripped
Iron Maiden shirt
and stripper heels
onstage."





JENNA REID

SEPTEMBER 2015

Photograph by
Mark Lit for
Digital Desire

Vital stats:

34-26-30; 5'1"
18 years old

Hometown:

Saint Petersburg,
Florida.

Your favorite thing

about your hometown:
The city is filled with art,
and I adore how close I
live to the beach.

**Your favorite kind
of music:**

Piano, classical, rap,
and rock.

Your favorite movies:

American Beauty and
*Fear and Loathing in
Las Vegas*.

Your favorite sports:

Swimming, football ...
does ballet count?

**What do you do for
a living?**

Adult entertainment.

**What's your favorite
thing about your job?**

I love the different roles
I get to play.

**If you could have any
other job, what would
it be?**

I'd be a veterinarian
and open a pit bull-
rescue center.

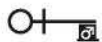
You're always up for:

Going to a rave or to a
nature preserve.

You're never up for:

Being second choice.

"My favorite fantasy is
someone surprising
me with a bondage-
and-discipline scene.
Like a kidnapping
roleplay session."



ANNA LEE

OCTOBER 2015

Photograph by
Preston Geoffrey Parker

Vital stats:

32B-24-30; 5'6"
22 years old

Hometown:

Cocoa Beach, Florida.

Your favorite thing

about your hometown:
Living near the beach.

Your favorite vacation spot:

One of my favorite cities is Las Vegas. I love the lights, and there are endless things to do.

Your dream vacation spot:

Any famous historical landmark, because I find history fascinating.

If you could have any job, it would be:

I'd love to pursue an artistic passion and create beautiful things. I grew up in a home of artists.

Your favorite sport:

The great American pastime, baseball!

Do you play any sports?

I was into competitive cheerleading in high school.

What do you like to do in your spare time?

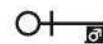
Yoga, pole dancing, and reading classic novels.

What's the most remarkable sexual experience you've ever had?

Surprisingly for me, when I was with another woman.

"The most exciting place I've ever made love is on a nature trail near the beach in broad daylight. I'm always up for anything adventurous."





BAILEY RAYNE

NOVEMBER 2015

Photograph by
Tammy Sands

Vital stats:

32C-26-36; 5'8"
24 years old

Hometown:

Indianapolis.

**Your favorite thing
about your hometown:**

I'm from a small town
just outside the city,
and I love that everyone
knows everyone there.

Your favorite sport:

Basketball. (Hoosiers!)

**Favorite way to work
out:**

Walking my dogs.

Favorite way to relax:

Netflix and puppy
cuddles.

**Your favorite kind
of music:**

I'm a classic-rock kind
of girl.

**What music gets you in
the mood?**

Jazz can do amazing
things to me.

**Your favorite sex
position:**

Doggie-style, hands
down.

You're always up for?

Sixty-nine.

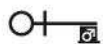
**What do you consider
romantic?**

Candles and wine when
I get home.

**What do you consider
kinky?**

Hot wax and rope when
I get home.

"The first time I tried
anal was my best
sexual experience.
Not because anal
is my favorite thing,
but because the guy
was extremely open
sexually and taught
me to be the same."



ALEX GREY

DECEMBER 2015

Photograph by
Tammy Sands

Vital stats:

32B-22-32; 5'3"
19 years old

Hometown:

Hillsborough, North
Carolina.

**Your favorite thing
about your hometown:**

Growing up in my
childhood house. It was
just my mom, my dog,
and me. It will always be
my happy place.

**If you could live any-
where, it would be:**

Paris, France. I have
fond memories of the
exciting culture and
amazing food.

**Your favorite vacation
spot:**

Hawaii. I love the
tropical climate and
crystal-clear water.
Snorkeling is amaz-
ing there.

**Your favorite kind
of music:**

Hip-hop and rap get
me pumped.

**What music gets you in
the mood?**

Forget the hip-hop.
Fleetwood Mac, or
Stevie Nicks solo, gets
me feeling sexy.

**What's the hottest
movie sex scene?**

The one in *Twilight*. It
was so unexpected, and
surprisingly arousing.

Your biggest turn-ons:

Being kissed on my neck,
and unexpected oral.

"Letting myself get
very into a group
orgy is the most
daring thing I've ever
done. I was nervous
at first, but ended up
loving it!"



BEER RUNS WITH REFUGEES

In the midst of a Europe-wide crisis, our reporter visited a large camp of refugees in France. This account, which was filed weeks before the terrorist attacks in Paris on November 13, includes a frightening look at the lax security surrounding the camp. Those security measures are sure to have been changed by the time you read this, however, as the governments of the free world attempt to wipe out ISIS and its sympathizers.

By John Rico

Driving around Calais, France, at two in the morning, one immediately gets the impression that the blue-collar city of 75,000 on the northern rural coast—which is composed mostly of a white middle class—is a city under siege. Every few minutes, I pass groups of young, dark-skinned men who have congregated in back alleys or on shadowed side streets. I cross into the downtown area and see several men walking quickly in a group down a street of shuttered shops. As I drive past the bus station, about 15 men slink further into the shadows behind the parked vehicles.

They are nocturnal by necessity

because nighttime is when they attempt to breach both the port, where ferries transport semis back and forth to England, and the Eurotunnel, where trains sling semis underneath the English Channel at lightning speed. The goal is to get to the border of the United Kingdom so they can claim asylum from war, compulsory military service, or, for some, an inconvenient citizenship. They are mostly from Syria, Afghanistan, and a variety of sub-Saharan African nations; they're also largely Muslim, and all of them are black. (The prejudicial dynamics at play here are tripping over themselves to be noticed.) Depending on one's view, they are either refugees deserving of political recognition

and protection, or illegal aliens attempting to enter a country where they don't belong. The question of what to do about them has caused anger and fear, both here in Calais, with home owners upset about the sudden emergence of thousands of illegals, and in England, where the situation has fractured political discourse and dominated water-cooler conversation.

This conflagration of migrants in France is just one small chapter in a much larger tale of a Europe beset by refugees, a tale that is transforming the very state of the European Union, as the once-cherished open borders between countries are remilitarized. Germany, which has reported up to 10,000 refugees arriving on a single

Saturday, has reinstituted border controls with Austria. Hungary has militarized its border in an attempt to stop the thousands of refugees coming into the country. In Italy, there is a perpetual stream of migrants crossing the Mediterranean from Libya on tiny fishing vessels; some weeks, as many as 10,000 arrive. The government of Greece had to ask the European Union for \$700 million to cope with the influx there.

The refugees are not satisfied with Italy or Hungary, though. Their goal is to reach Germany or the United Kingdom, countries that are perceived to be both rich and to have a robust and generous welfare state. This “country shopping” has annoyed a lot of citizens in the target countries. In fact, British newspapers described the arrival of the refugees in France over the summer with such welcoming words as “swarm,” “onslaught,” and “infestation.” But Great Britain has agreed to participate in the European Union’s distribution of Syrian refugees, and will be taking in 20,000 over the next few years—though none of those Syrians are here in Calais. They’re in the wrong line.

This flood of refugees is unlikely to abate. The Third World is moving to the First, whether the First World likes it or not. And there’s largely uniform agreement among demographers that as climate change worsens and resource deprivation accelerates, this massive migration of humans will not only continue, but speed up.

Here in France, with inspections and security tightened in the transit zones, sneaking onto a truck bound for the United Kingdom is not easy, and getting increasingly difficult, and few refugees are getting through. The end result is a backlog of more than 3,000 refugees in Calais, with more arriving every day.

Stuck on the northern tip of France with nowhere to go unless they backtrack the way they came, the refugees are getting restless—and starting to recognize the power of their numbers. Days prior to my arrival, a mob tried to tear down the perimeter fence, rush the customs station, and run into the Eurotunnel to make the 31-mile trek on foot. The subsequent tunnel closure on the other end created a backup for miles on the motorway, and started a wave of panic buying that emptied out grocery stores. The prime minister



The refugee camp in October 2015

British newspapers described the refugees’ arrival with words like “infestation.”

promised to call in the army.

As the old Chinese proverb goes, “Shit is getting serious.”

I’m driving through a suburban housing complex as a shortcut between the grocery store and “the Jungle,” the impromptu refugee camp that stumbled into being on the edge of the city. Ibrahim sits in the passenger seat and tells me that he wouldn’t normally cut through the suburban housing, as you’ll get your ass beat by French people that way, but because he’s in a car it’s okay.

Ibrahim is a 40-year-old man who’s the size of a healthy 12-year-old; he looks as if he’s been chronically malnourished most of his life. His yellow teeth and jumpy demeanor suggest a life of perpetual hardship. He tells me he’s from Eritrea, where he’s fleeing compulsory military service; there, it’s not so much serving your country as it is serving as one dictator’s private militia. Soldiers exist under slavlike conditions and are frequently brutalized. I ask him why he’d have to join the military at his age, and he doesn’t reply; I suspect that he’s constructed a refugee’s narrative and is sticking to it. I ask why he chose the United Kingdom as his destination, out of all the choices available in Europe, and he quickly enumerates his reasons: “In England, they have good jobs and the government gives you a house. I want a house. And English.”

Ibrahim is one of the few refugees at the camp who speaks English, and it’s the one reason he’s offered that stands up to scrutiny. As I will learn, Ibrahim’s reasons are virtually identical to those of almost all the refugees I’ll speak to, as if they’re all reciting the same sermon.

Ibrahim’s vision of the United Kingdom diverges sharply from the one I’ve lived in for the past decade. The country I know is one of depressed factory towns and crime-ridden public-housing estates—a nation of \$15 McDonald’s meals and \$30 pizzas, where the cost of living has far surpassed one’s ability to afford it. However, as I will soon learn, neither facts nor reality matter to these men; they’re propelled by a vision that has been inculcated by a mass hysteria.

I have a history of interest in refugee stories. After writing about my time as an American soldier in Afghanistan, my publisher offered me a second book about illegal immigration from Mexico into the United States. The book was an abysmal failure in terms of sales, but I became fascinated by the geographic lottery that determined someone’s citizenship, how accidental fortune at birth became a jealously guarded component of personal identity. I was enthralled by the stories of refugees who would risk their lives simply to give their children a shot at a better life, and how after arrival these same refugees would struggle to survive economically against racism and the structural limitations of being undocumented.

The issue of immigration was also something I lived with peripherally on a daily basis. I live in one of London’s most diverse multicultural neighborhoods, where almost everyone was



Ms. Katherine loads beer into the author's car.

born somewhere else. Like all poor communities, there's lots of crime and lots of welfare recipients. And, if I'm being perfectly honest, I also found my far-left liberal sensibilities tested against the realities of being a home owner on the defense against crime, litter, graffiti, and foreign communities that simply didn't seem to care about either adapting or integrating. My personal struggles were a microcosmic reflection of a struggle occurring nationwide, as the native white British attempt to adapt to living in a country where the customs and norms of immigrant communities are, bit by bit, changing the national culture.

When we arrive at the grocery store, I drop Ibrahim off and go park the car. I'm donating 100 euros in food to the camp, and Ibrahim is here to help me buy and transport it. When I enter the store, I have to check each aisle before I find Ibrahim loading up a second cart with cases of beer. The French customers are giving him a wide berth and scowling, making no secret of their disdain.

Ibrahim nods at me, then does a

quick count. At 7 euros a case, he can buy 14 cases. That's 336 beers.

"Ibrahim, I was going to spend 100 euros on food, not beer," I say, only slightly amused at his betrayal. I feel a responsibility to provide what the refugees need, not what they want. And many of them need a good meal.

Ibrahim pretends to suddenly not understand English and shrugs his shoulders as he continues to stack the cases. He gives me a thumbs-up and says, "Beer good!"

I frown as I consider my next move. It simply won't look good to bring two grocery carts of beer into a refugee camp that's in need of basics like toothbrushes and toilet paper.

As Ibrahim pushes one of the carts toward the front of the store, his small body straining against the weight, I decide a promise is a promise and that perhaps my initial reaction had been too judgmental. These are mostly adults, after all, and a man doesn't lose the taste for a cold beer simply because he is poor and lacking in nutrients. *In fact*, I say to myself, *these beers could provide a real special occasion*. I imagine popping back a cold one with a

group of refugees, all of us laughing and smiling, and I grab the second shopping cart and push it to the front of the store. This time, the beer wins.

Still feeling an obligation to return with some food, I spend an additional 30 euros to fill up a bag with some basic groceries. These refugees are going to eat well if it kills me.

Outside the grocery store, I pull up the car and help Ibrahim load my wife's Prius. Across the street, some Frenchmen linger at the doorway to a pub. They stare at both Ibrahim and me with distrust and disgust, not appreciating Ibrahim's presence in their country, or my role in his beer run.

With a car full of beer, and Ibrahim already drinking, we drive slowly down an industrial side street where semis fill empty parking lots and line both sides of the street. Right on cue, just as Ibrahim explains that the drivers will park here and, for 1,000 euros, open the back of their trucks, we see three refugees peering into the back of one down the street. As we drive by, they pause just long enough to see that we're

I pull up to the grocery store so Kevin can get medicine for his sick sister. Kevin and Ms. Katherine emerge with shopping carts overloaded with cases of beer.

not the police before going back to arguing about where to hide. To me, witnessing such an attempt firsthand illustrates the hands-off nature of the French authorities; they want the refugees to go to Britain, as that will relieve them of the burden.

Ibrahim explains that he's a tunnel man, which means hiking through and ducking down to avoid speeding trains. "You try three, four nights in a row, then you come back to the camp, recharge, head back out." He's been trying for three months.

Ibrahim was once a truck man, but hiding in the back of the trucks requires one to stay motionless in the dark for hours on end. And since the British customs police inspect the trucks with carbon-dioxide detectors that measure changes that would suggest an extra passenger, one has to ride out those hours in absolute silence, breathing as little as possible. It's a numbers game, since with 4,000 trucks a day moving through the port, they can't inspect them all. Often migrants are not released and run out of air, or they're killed by falling stacks of merchandise. Most are discovered through some combination of the scale station, where the trucks are precisely weighed, subtracting the known weight of the merchandise, or through the carbon-dioxide meter.

I ask Ibrahim what he's going to do after he applies for asylum. What he says surprises me: "The British, they came to us. They came to us and said, don't try to go. They let us apply for asylum from here."

"You applied for asylum in Britain already?"

"Yeah," he says, smiling.

"Then why are you still trying to get over there?"

Ibrahim thinks about it for a moment and then shrugs. Although I will not be able to find any reference later to Britain accepting asylum applications in France, Ibrahim is adamant that he has, in fact, already applied, as have many other refugees at the camp. I ask, "What are the implications of illegally entering Britain with an open asylum application?" Ibrahim doesn't seem to know, but it's clear my question bothers him.

Back at the Jungle's entrance, my car filled with beer, I drive around a police van. There are only two police officers in there, a meager show of force for a camp of 3,000, which only reinforces my view that the French authorities are all too happy to let the refugees attempt to travel to Britain. The police eye my car full of beer suspiciously, so I return the glare.

The camp is composed of tents and freestanding shacks made of discarded plasterboard and loose sheaths of tin sheeting. Ibrahim walks in front of my car, guiding me over potholes and moving folks out of the way as we make our way past Afghanistan Town and toward Eritrean Town. We draw a bit of a crowd. When we arrive at Ibrahim's place, a relatively large single-room structure comprised of rotting plasterboard, his roommate comes out, and the two excitedly converse as I shake hands.

My first perception of the camp is that it already looks like a settled community, and that it's not unlike a hovel that you'd see in the film *Slumdog Millionaire*. There are old men sitting on stools, smoking, ruminating, I imagine, about the state of the world. Mothers hang wet clothes to dry, and children play with a soccer ball. There are lots of children.

Across from Ibrahim's shack, there is a small shop with an outdoor barbecue and a menu written on cardboard. Kabobs for a euro. Adjacent to the restaurant, there's a small shop with cookies and soap and batteries under a roll of chicken wire.

I pull out my bag of groceries and shout, "Free food! Come and get it!" I get a few awkward stares, but nothing more. Frowning, I grab the bag and approach a few refugees, trying to put groceries into their hands. They mostly retreat in fear.

"Just put the bag on the ground. They'll come and take it," Ibrahim says.

I put the bag on the ground and watch as a couple of immigrants wander up, peer in, and, disappointed in my selection of granola bars, walk off in disgust. Another overturns the bag and rummages through everything and grabs a toothbrush before departing. The rest of my purchases

sit there, with the refugees and me staring at one another.

I turn back to Ibrahim to see his roommate toting the last cases of beer into their hut, then pulling the curtain closed and disappearing into the interior. Ibrahim is long gone.

Son of a ...

I frown as my imagined circle of laughing refugees knocking back cold ones dissipates into nothingness. Unsure how to feel about having my 100-euro food budget spent on 336 beers that are being hoarded by two men, and my food offering ignored, I start to get back in my car. I'm approached by a Libyan man speaking broken English who watched Ibrahim unload the beer. His sister is sick. Would I be so kind as to take him into town for medicine?

Also, his cousin needs to go to the church so he can get shoes. They give out free shoes in the church. And Emmanuel needs to go to the hospital. His ankle is busted from trying to get over that chain-link fence a few nights ago. I say no.

I'm not a fucking taxi service, I tell him, still angry about being burned for a subsidized beer run and the refugees ignoring my food. I'm a goddamn journalist.

Ten minutes later, we're approaching the hospital, and "Kevin" tells me to pull to a stop. As Emmanuel exits the car, Kevin continues to talk about the city of Calais, how the locals do not like them. That's one reason he wants to go to England, he says. "The people here are racist." I ask him if he thinks there are racists in England, and he looks appalled that I could suggest such a thing. "England is full of very good people."

He explains that the police beat them at night and that locals drive by in their cars and jump out and attack them. Many have been hurt and had arms and legs broken. This is why they must always travel in large groups—for their own protection. The church is an ally, as are certain stores, which will leave out their leftovers. In other stores, the clerks will scream at them if they enter, even if they're intending to pay for something with cash. Surviving in



Kevin unloads his beer back at the camp.

Calais means knowing who your allies are, and who your enemies are. It also means rummaging through Dumpsters and stealing.

Kevin tells me about his own journey to France, one that was across the Mediterranean in a rickety boat—a journey on which many died due to unscrupulous smugglers who set out to sea in an unworthy vessel. After arriving in Italy, he traveled across Europe on foot. He lost a lot of weight. He slept in the gutter. He left Libya because there were no jobs. “How can you live a life if you cannot have a job that pays you enough to live? You have to eat. You have to live. In England, there are many jobs and you earn good money.”

Kevin points to “Ms. Katherine,” a fiftysomething African woman in the backseat, and says her story is worse. “She could not feed her children. She has two small children in Eritrea. She had to leave them to find work so she could make money.”

Kevin is talkative, and tells me about the life of a refugee. The good part is the sense of community, he says, though this can be bad as well; the different ethnic groups are starting to divide up Calais, not unlike criminal gangs, and you can only visit certain parts of the town if you’re from the right ethnic group. The bad part about being a refugee isn’t going hungry, he says; it’s the shame. The shame of being glared at and spat at; of living in a dirty tent while luxury cars speed by on the motorway, just 100 meters away; of having to beg for food; of not being able to provide for your own children; of people looking at you fearfully.

I pull up to the same grocery store I left a short while ago, so Kevin can get medicine for his sick sister. Both Kevin and Ms. Katherine go in as I wait outside. As I wait, I imagine the strength it takes to walk across Europe and live out of Dumpsters just for the chance at a better life in a foreign country; the sadness of leaving one’s children for an unknown future, just for the chance at being able to provide for them. I marvel at their perseverance as human beings, and wonder at how all of us, myself included, can be so dismissive of their plight.

Kevin and Ms. Katherine emerge, struggling to control shopping carts overloaded with cases of beer.

“What the fuck, Kevin?” I scream. “Where’s the fucking medicine?” Kevin grins guiltily.

I’m filled with an exasperated rage, but I laugh anyway. I wonder how they know that I’m easily manipulated into a beer run. How is information transmitted that quickly? Mostly, I wonder where they got the money to pay for it. When I ask, Kevin tells me that he owns a bar. I assume he’s using the word “own” loosely.

Back at the Jungle, I help them unload the beer into Kevin’s “bar,” a lean-to made from lumber with blankets stapled to the walls inside. Behind me, an Asian television film crew is setting up a shot. A few of Kevin’s hangers-on start snickering, and I suddenly realize that I’m the subject of the film crew’s first shot—they’ve decided to lead with the Westerner loading beer into the tent.

I turn and yell, “Don’t fucking film me, Goddamn! I’m doing the same thing as you guys!”

They’re not so sure about that.

After saying good-bye to Kevin, I wander to Afghanistan Town, figuring I can make conversation with someone, what with me having visited their country and all. But there are few strong English speakers, so I’m forced to pantomime the actions of being an infantry soldier with a few sound effects of gunfire: “Pew! Pew! Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat! No? You don’t know what I’m talking about?”

I loudly ask if anyone needs a ride.

A few minutes later, I’m headed back toward the center of town to drop off Muhammad, who needs to visit the pharmacy. After that, I’m taking Elian to the back of the bakery so he can rifle through their garbage. As I drive, Muhammad tells me how amazing Britain is.

WHY BRITAIN?

In trying to understand the decision-making of the refugees, it’s important to know that France offers a comparable level of welfare benefits to asylum claimants, along with access to health care, education for children, and a small room or a bunk in a halfway house. Add in the fact that these refugees are already in France, which to your average European citizen would likely score considerably higher in desirability than the United Kingdom, with its exceedingly awful weather.

Partly, this disconnect seems to simply be an episode of mass hysteria. The refugees are desperate to enter England because everyone else is desperate to enter England. It’s an incestuously positioned circle of self-affirming Britain love.

After a day spent interviewing refugees, I found not a single person who had the slightest real understanding of the country. There was no understanding of the job market, the wage system, or what anything costs. There was no realistic understanding of what they would have to do to survive. Realistically, there’s little chance that job opportunities will ever exist for most of them.

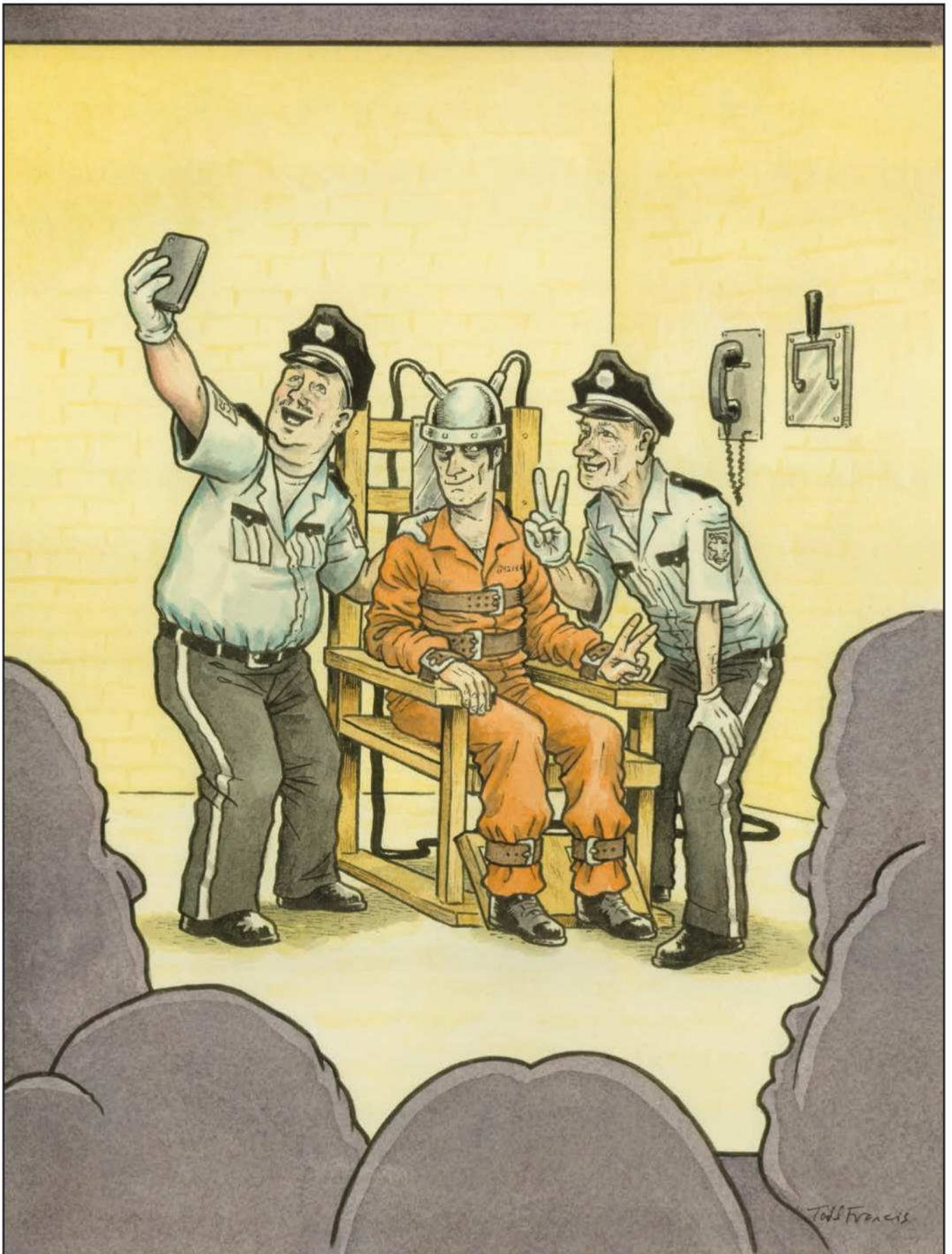
Here’s the riddle: How does the uneducated and illiterate Afghan man find work in Britain, with its advanced economy that all but requires a university education to economically survive?

Answer: He doesn’t. He goes on lifetime welfare—which is, after all, the fear of British conservatives.

None of these aforementioned details matter, though, because most of these men and women are chasing dreams. And these are bloodstained dreams that have been paid for in the form of children left behind, of forking over a lifetime of savings to smugglers to cross the Mediterranean, of your entire extended family pooling its meager resources to buy your way to Europe so that you can succeed and rescue all of them from endemic poverty.

And these dreams certainly can’t end in a cheap hostel in France or in a refugee camp outside Calais, so you fall in line with the vision of the United Kingdom. That’s where it will all work out. That’s where everyone will succeed.

Of course, they’re acutely wrong; it’s more than likely that they’ll fail. I suspect the failure will be exceedingly painful. ☹️



EMBRACE THE SUCK



CHRISTMAS STORIES

It's been 14 years since 9/11, which means it's been 14 Christmases, 14 Hanukkahs, 14 Kwanzaas, and 14 New Year's Eves since America was a nation at peace. That's damn near a generation.

By Matt Gallagher

For Americans at home, late December is a time of family, reflection, crazy uncles, and eggnog gluttony. For service members abroad carrying out various missions and patrols, it's something else. What that "something else" is varies, of course, but something about the holidays brings out the strange and the surreal when you're in uniform operating in a strange land far from home.

To wit: I spent two festive seasons abroad. The first one, it snowed in Baghdad for the first time in a fucking century. Penguin weather in the desert. A year later, my infantry unit spent Christmas Eve patrolling the Green Zone in full battle rattle, looking for car bombs, while support personnel and defense contractors jogged by us wearing exercise clothes and faces of bemusement. Later, a two-star general served us Christmas cookies. It was a weird night.

Here are some other modern war stories brimming with Christmas spirit. The Global War on Terror



curlicues of shit adorned the top of each toilet seat.

"They crouch on top instead of sitting down, and we get this mess every day. You assholes clean this up!"

Teresa Fazio, U.S. Marine Corps veteran

Data platoon had the kind of Marines who looked as if they'd ditched high school videogames for a war. They left no box unopened when they rummaged through what the Army had left on an Iraqi airfield as the weather—and the country—heated up in 2004.

One corporal emerged from behind a rack of switches and routers.

and sheikh meetings, so we hoped for a quiet day by ourselves. We lived on a small patrol base in an Iraqi village, and planned on spending the day sleeping in, followed by smoking hookahs and rifling through the pile of packages that had accumulated while we'd been busy.

That's when we got the message from HQ. Battalion had planned a "fun run," which is a great example of why rhyming is stupid and nonsensical. It was scheduled for 6 A.M. on Christmas by some sadist atheist on the colonel's staff. And by some miracle of military logistics, and with complete disregard for safety standards, not only were we all

Something about the holidays brings out the strange and the surreal when you're in uniform operating in a strange land far from home. These war stories are brimming with Christmas spirit.

generation is packed full of strong voices and natural storytellers; these are just four of them.

Devon McRaney, U.S. Army veteran

"Sir! I need you out here right now!" Callahan yelled as he flung open the door, the holiday decorations fluttering in the late December wind.

I followed Callahan outside to the far end of the Iraqi warehouse that was our base. There were five portable toilets there; half the shitters for a base of 150 soldiers. When I got close enough to see past the toilets, I saw that Callahan had all five of our interpreters lined up against the wall.

"Sir, we did not do it, I swear!"

pleaded White Mike.

"Yes, we did nothing!" cried Zorro.

"We do it like you do!"

"The hell you do!" Callahan yelled. He paced back and forth in front of the lined-up "terps," stroking the M4 slung across his shoulder. "Every night this happens. Enough! It's going to end tonight."

The terps flinched as he abruptly walked to the nearest toilet and flung open the door. He continued until they were all open. I looked in. Perfect

White-on-red jacket cuffs lapped past his wrists as he gripped his M16. A fake-velvet hat flopped over his face. Sweat pricked under his cheap polyester beard. In our thick rubber tent, only the air-conditioning for the computers must have kept him from heatstroke.

Did he have a belly? Nope. His own beard? Barely. A horror movie-worthy serial-killer stare? Oh, hell yeah.

Forget the coal, naughty boys and girls—Santa was packin'!


Later in my second-lieutenant tenure, I'd walk in on stranger scenes—shrines to pinups and booze in unlikely places, live parodies of Budweiser commercials, a chem-light rave—but this was my first clue our devil dogs had a sense of humor.

Jake Bulkington, U.S. Army veteran

As we learned from Chevy Chase's Clark Griswold, holidays are nothing if not ruined by other people. My first Christmas overseas, my [non-commissioned officers] and I were eagerly awaiting a well-deserved break. The tempo of operations had been outrageous, with a never-ending series of night raids, presence patrols,

required to join, but the path of the run would go through our tiny base. Every swinging dick from HQ, toting obnoxious elf ears and Santa hats, was going to pass through our piece of paradise, on what was supposed to be our "easy" day. Goes to show, uninvited guests are universal.

Paul Wolfe, U.S. Army veteran

Looking back, I have to imagine it all started in Raleigh, on a cold December day in which the wind blew sleet and snow sideways, leaving the city streets with a deadly centimeter of frost that would guarantee the closure of every school in the state of North Carolina—and leaving a woman approaching Medicare age with a lot of time on her hands and in possession of a fully functioning Polaroid camera, black lingerie, a Santa hat, a very big Christmas tree (no, really, the shit was huge), black high heels, an amazing sense of humor, a generous heart, a stamp, and an empty box. It was Christmas on the far, hot side of the earth when I opened the box, and all I could do was smile and wonder who the hell snapped the photo. 

PENTHOUSE



Iconic, Powerful, Influential!





THE GIRL SHOW

Jim Rose, the creator of the most intriguing and enthralling sideshow events of the past 25 years, brings the old-school hoochie-coochie show into the twenty-first century.

Photographs by Tommy O. • Interview by Raphie Aronowitz

Jim Rose, who's been dubbed (or dubbed himself) the Godfather of Modern Freak Show, is best known for turning Lollapalooza into an event, not a concert, in the early nineties with his can't-miss Jim Rose Circus Sideshow. Since then, he's created a series of spectacles; written his autobiography, *Freak Like Me: Real, Raw, and Dangerous*, and the books *Angles* and *Snake Oil: Life's Calculations, Misdirections, and Manipulations*; contributed to the online community *Fraud, Scam, Rip Off, and Con Artists Beware*; helped artists fight cor-

porate entertainment companies and promoters; and become a consultant for Fortune 500 companies. (Seriously. He was even on the cover of *Fast Company* magazine.) He's got two upcoming projects that he's very excited about, but as of press time he was unable to reveal specifics; updates will be made on Twitter/[jimrosecircus1](#) and on the Jim Rose Circus page on Facebook.

In the meantime, he created a supersexy girlie show for *Penthouse* starring (from left) ringmaster Sarah Jessie, strong woman Kelly Shibari, and Giraffe Woman Sydney V. Smith.



What was it about the circus sideshow that first appealed to you?

I was mesmerized by the Arizona State Fairgrounds as a kid. I grew up next to the fairgrounds, and I would vend soft drinks and ended up working at the different freak shows when I was really young. It wasn't an artistic vision at the time. It was how I made my money. And then I got really interested in being a motorcycle daredevil and that sucked up some years, until I had an accident. Then I needed to do something that required less mobility.

What happened?

I jumped 19 cows. And I cleared 'em, but I must have landed on some spit cud and went a little wobbly and had a wreck. That's why, as I speak to you right now, I've got the posture of a jumbo shrimp.

I'm laughing, but that's not funny.

You know, man, if I didn't embellish liberally, I wouldn't be doing justice to my ancestry.

When did you realize you actually liked what you were doing and had the artistic insight to make it better?

I really enjoyed it pretty much from the get-go. And then the motorcycle-daredevil bug bit hard. Once I really started feeling audiences, it was hard to turn back. But when did I think I could create a new tentacle for the punk-rock ethos? That probably was about 1988.

And you just cold-recruited performers for a sideshow? That must have been nuts.

Well, let's see.... Take women's sumo wrestling, for example. I was really into sumo wrestling, but it was really hard to find women sumo wrestlers. I'd walk up to someone in public and go, "Hey, would you like to be a woman sumo wrestler?" And they would slap me into next week. So I decided I would run an ad in the newspaper. It said, "Must be more than 260 pounds and able to travel the world." They would call up, and as soon as I would say it's for women sumo wrestling, they would hang up. And so I just thought they needed positive reinforcement. The world runs on that. They would call, and I would say, "Let's see now. How tall are you?" And they'd tell me. "Well, how much do you weigh?" And they would tell me. And if it sounded like they would make a good woman sumo wrestler, I would switch the subject and just





keep talking with them. I would then say, "I'm having a meeting tonight, and I'll call you tomorrow." I would call them back the next day and say, "Hey, listen, I had that meeting last night and there were openings for wrestlers. We have midget wrestlers, Mexican transvestite wrestlers; we got regular wrestlers, along with some other stuff. I really enjoyed talking with you last night, but all the positions are filled except for one ... but you don't really qualify for it. Listen, it's women's sumo wrestling. Could you gain a few pounds?"

Brilliant!

As soon as I said "gain a few pounds," they'd start fucking laughing. That sounded like an easy thing to ask.

What was your success rate?

Wow. You probably won't believe me, but I only needed four and—boom—four, right in a row.

Did you always layer storytelling into your shows?

Actually, I used to be just a storyteller; I didn't even do circus. The storytelling started first, as far as my adult artistic life goes. That stuff when I was a kid, I kind of dropped out of all of that right around 1976. And then I even went to university—political-science major. And then I got on heroin and shit and needed to learn how to hustle. I got off the drugs, and I met my wife, who comes from a circus family. It rekindled my interest in all of that stuff. That's when I had the epiphany: This has disappeared from the landscape for so many years, and I can make a comeback with this type of entertainment. So that's what I did. In 1988, I started doing shows with her family circus [in the United Kingdom], and then I came to the States and did it.

You've also dedicated a large portion of your time to teaching others how to hustle and how to avoid scams.

The thing is, to be successful in the arts, you don't really need a college education as badly as you need a street education. And street educations are expensive, financially and emotionally. I thought I could circumvent some of that pain for artists. That's why I wrote the book *Snake Oil*—so they wouldn't have to pay their dues out on the streets. They can start to look at everything as being an angle. Once you're able to do that, you can become successful as an artist. The big machines are only there







for Mariah Carey and people like that. There's only about 200 artists who get real "machine" support. How are you going to promote yourself?

How did you promote yourself?

I used to say Michael Jackson was trying to buy my circus and move it to a Polish theme park, and that would end up on front pages all over the world. You could go let a monkey loose at a park, and if it's a trained monkey, it just stays on that branch. But then you call the fire department and the media. Do you think the media can help themselves on a monkey-gets-away story? Forget about it.

I've never seen the media restrain itself on a monkey-gets-away story.

Tell me about it! You know, just like Ozzy Osbourne never bit the head off a bat and Van Halen never parachuted into Shea Stadium. This stuff has been going on since *Moby Dick* was a minnow, and I understand it and have used it and have self-mythologized well enough to become an artistic director on a *Penthouse* magazine photo shoot.

That's as fine a segue as—

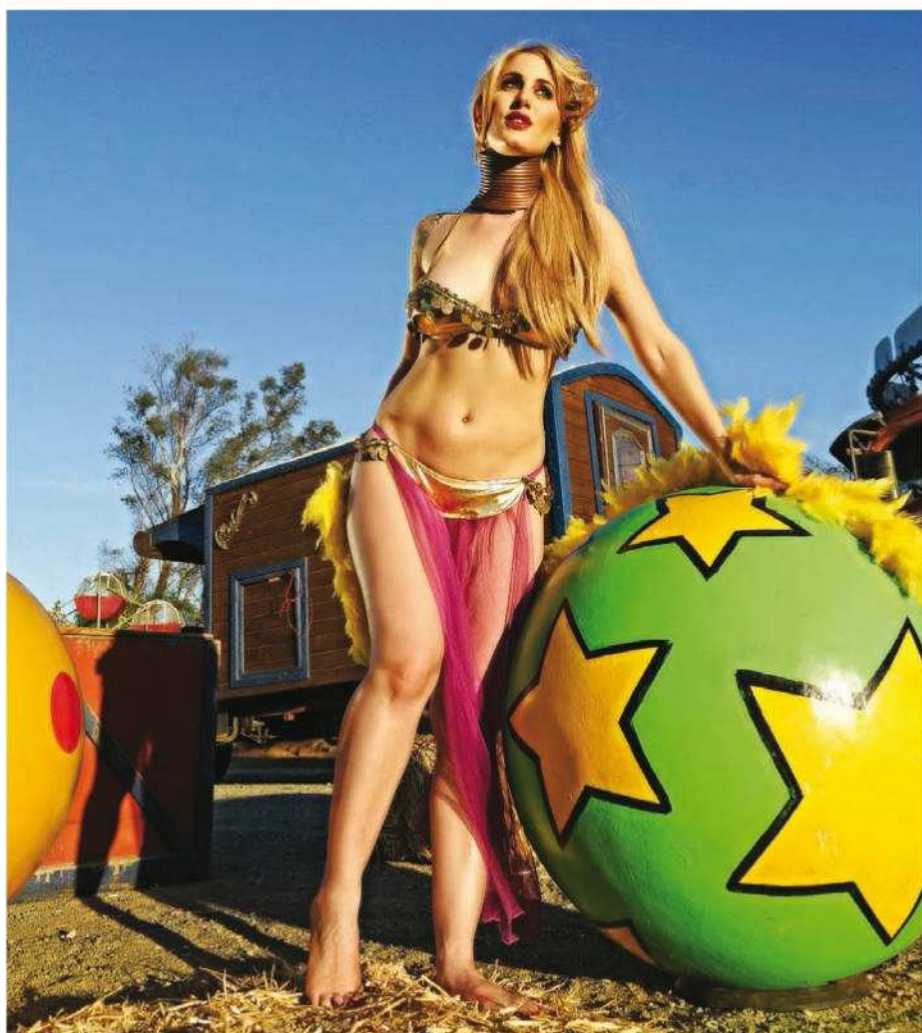
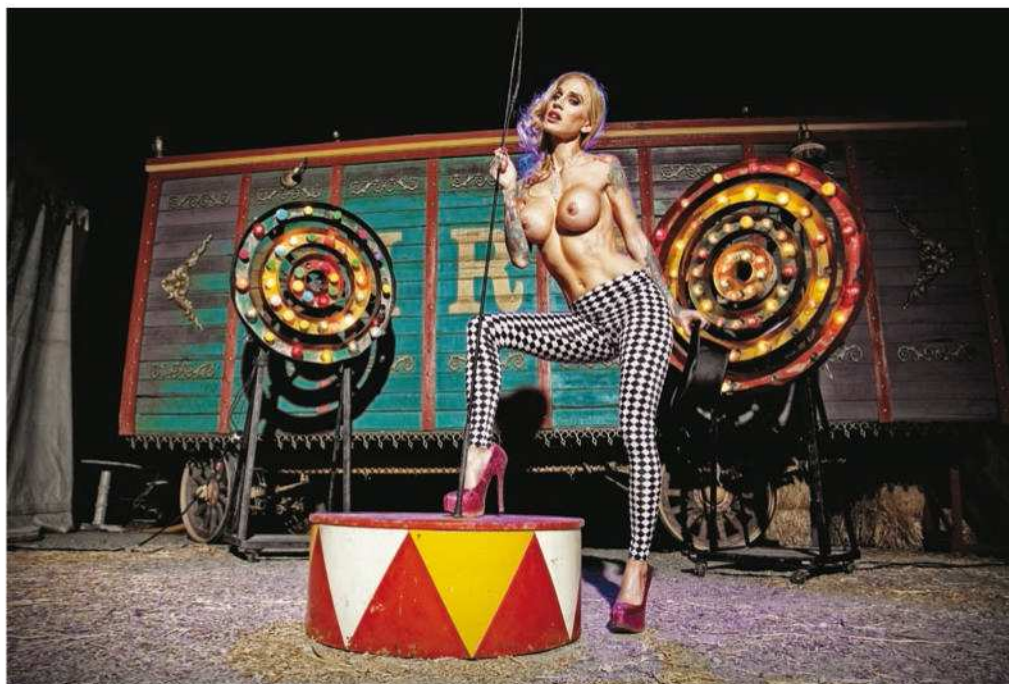
The *Penthouse* brand is very, very important. My dad used to say, "Son, you know you've had a productive day when you run out of semen." And who's done more for being "productive" than *Penthouse*? For many, many years it's helped people run out of semen, and I just wanted to be part of that family. We're doing God's work in the *Penthouse* family.

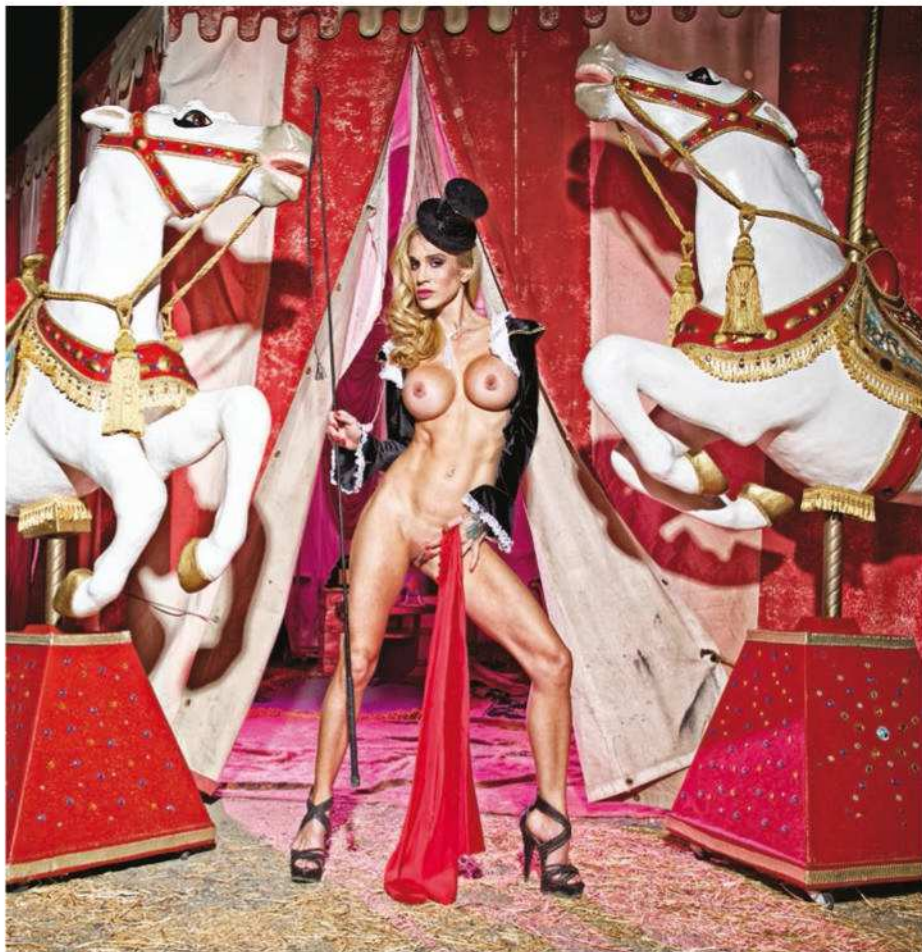
Yet you were a bit apprehensive about sharing such personal insight.

There was some fuzziness on my part at times, but then the artistic help involved, the suggestions they gave, helped me get to those "yeah, that's it!" moments.

You kept coming back to the idea of strength.

I really like strong women. Mentally. Physically. Sydney is really beautiful, so it's not hard to be attracted to ... actually, any of these young ladies. But to be able to put your neck on the line, so to speak, and to be out there like that.... Sydney saw that stuff in a *National Geographic* years ago when she was a kid. She started making her neck grow when she was really young. She stuck with it and caught some flak for it. She's wearing this weird stuff and people are seeing her and it just





doesn't look right. But as her neck starts to grow, man, she's just exquisite. She's just so unique.

So Sydney represents strength of conviction?

That's exactly what I'm saying. And Kelly Shibari—Kelly has a more traditional strength, and she's really intelligent. I just think of a mother seeing a child getting hit by a car and being able to lift that car off that child by summoning that kind of adrenaline and energy. I've always gotten the sense that she can do that, that she has the mental strength to be able to channel her energy in herculean ways.

And Sarah?

I saw Sarah as a leader. A take-charge type of person. I don't think there's anything hotter on this planet than Sarah in a business suit. But for the photo shoot, I liked the idea of her being the ringmaster, with that strength of leadership.

Are all three models physically attractive to you, or do they represent different components of what you find attractive?

When it comes to sex, until you've tasted their mind, you don't realize how much you're starving.

When a woman walks into a room, what's the first thing you notice about her?

I try to get a look at the ass.


So she's got to walk in backward?

Yeah! She's got to moonwalk, and she's going to get my attention immediately.

Is it a coincidence that all three models have tattoos?

That was very much by design. I really like tattoos. I don't like excessive tattoos or tattoos for tattoos' sake, but I like tattoos that show me that there's an appreciation for the arts. And all three of those young ladies have that.

How does the finished product stack up against the vision you had?

I just absolutely love the work that was done. It really did capture exactly what was going on in my head. They came out so much better than I thought. I mean, wow! They are unrivaled. One of the things you can count on with *Penthouse* is a high-quality photo shoot. The magazine was almost founded on that, and it's kept that tradition for 50 years. 



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STILL LIVIN' LONG

Rodney Crowell has been a towering presence in country music for decades, and he's still at the top of his game.

Interview by Alanna Nash

Rodney Crowell is doing a marathon of interviews. "You're number two," says the familiar voice. "So the good thing is, I got warmed up on one, and I'll be at my best with you. From there I'll start to wane, because that'll be enough about me already." Even at 45 minutes, however, he hasn't started to wane, and we don't finish—we've known each other since the early eighties, and there's a lot of ground to cover. We schedule a second day to chat.

Crowell, 65, has always had a lot to say. One of the finest songwriters of his generation, he came to Nashville from his native Houston in 1972 and befriended the dean of Texas singer-songwriters, Guy Clark, from whom he learned to craft intelligent, thoughtful, and often elegant songs of spare language. In 1975 he left for Los Angeles, where he joined Emmylou Harris's Hot Band as a guitarist, and became one of her most relied-upon songwriters ("Till I Gain Control Again," "Leaving Louisiana in the Broad Daylight"). His debut album, *Ain't Livin' Long Like This*, arrived in 1978, the same year he produced Rosanne Cash's first American album, *Right or Wrong*.

The following year Crowell and Cash married, and he continued to produce her records, at the same time writing and recording his own and emerging as a leader of country's new-traditionalist movement. Since then, his songs have been recorded by a wide range of artists in nearly all genres, including country's Willie Nelson, rock's Van Morrison, blues's Etta James, and electronica's Röyksopp. In 2014 his collaboration with Harris,

Old Yellow Moon, won a Grammy and spawned a sequel, 2015's *The Traveling Kind*. Crowell also recently finished up a gig as executive music producer for the upcoming Hank Williams biopic *I Saw the Light*, starring Tom Hiddleston.

Tarpaper Sky, his most recent solo album, which was released in 2014, is classic Crowell: unforgettable songs of memorable characters, sung and performed with passion and integrity. From the roadhouse rock of "Frankie Please" (in which a young Romeo falls fast for the wrong woman) to the nearly prayerful "God, I'm Missing You," the album falls in line with the best offerings from a true American treasure.

With *Tarpaper Sky*, you returned to producing yourself, after using outside producers for the last couple of projects. You recorded all the vocals live, without redoing them. You've said this makes you feel like a "real recording artist." You weren't a real recording artist before?

I think *Tarpaper Sky* is a really fine piece of work. I'm really proud of it as a record, and it would be among my favorites of mine. But certainly I hit my low point in the mid-nineties. That's when I finally ground to a halt and took five years off, and came back with *The Houston Kid*. Since then, I can pretty much stand behind everything I've done. Whereas before, I could stand behind 80 percent of the songs, but not all the recording. I'm a pretty confident singer now, and I'm pretty damn good.

You had five No. 1 hits with *Diamonds & Dirt* in the late eighties. Yeah. But those were just good songs and a good enough performance to get the job done. I mean, vocally, Lightnin' Hopkins sets the bar. I'm certainly not going to sing like Lightnin' Hopkins, but it just took me a while to get to the place where I said, "Okay, now I'm ready. Now I'm here." I feel like I was a fully formed songwriter early on, but I didn't become a fully formed recording artist until later on.

One of my favorite songs on *Tarpaper Sky* is "Famous Last Words of a Fool in Love." Younger woman, older man. That's worked for you in real life.

I'm 11 years older than [my wife] Claudia, but that song was more of an imagined scenario, because I have a friend my age, or a bit older, who is married to a 28-year-old girl. I study long and hard, because I've got a lot of women friends who are alone in the world. And I have some women friends who were traded in.

You have always been a woman-centered man, in that you have a genuine affinity for women. You're in tune with them. Is this because you were so close to your maternal grandmother, Katie Willoughby?

Absolutely. No doubt. My grandmother was kind and loving and empathetic and poetic. She was the source of love, and how I knew about love. She's still kind of the ideal woman. And over the years, women have come into my life that I love very, very, very much. I have really intense, intimate relationships with women I don't have a sexual relationship with. I learned how to be a woman's friend with Susanna Clark [the late artist and wife of Guy Clark]. And shortly after that, Emmylou. It's about the conversation. There's a real value to having a friendship with a woman where you don't try to turn it into romance. The equality is so rich and so rewarding. But that's not to say I don't have really deep ties with my men friends.

Men usually talk about sports.

Yeah, and I'm comfortable talking about boxing. But I'm a writer. In conversations with women, invariably you're going to get to how you feel. And to me, there's more value in that conversation.



INTERVIEW

Is that how you're able to do these wonderful duet records with Emmylou, and then go on the road for months at a time?

Yeah. I love Emmy, and she loves me. And we were smart enough a long time ago not to try to make it romantic. So we have absolutely no baggage. And you know, she gets credit for that. Because when we first met, I was a typical young man and thought, *I ought to make a play here*. And she just kind of gently said, "We ought to be friends," without making me feel embarrassed or ashamed or stupid.

Why do you think you work so well together vocally?

It's instinct. Emmy and I don't have any blood between us, but we have some sort of sibling connection, except we get along better than most siblings who sing together. Somebody in Melbourne [Australia] waiting around to talk after our show said, "That's just the most intuitive singing I've ever heard." It's true. And it's not by design. We just do things together at the same time, like, I'll take a breath and pause, and she'll do the same thing. And we've never discussed or considered it. I get sort of bemused by it, like, "Wow, how did she know I was gonna do that?" And it goes the other way, too. Emmy is a natural at singing with someone. She's the all-time greatest harmony singer, but she's also an iconic vocalist. And I know she goes, "Wow, I went with him on that. I wonder why?" [Laughs]

But I've grown to the point where I'm unapologetic about myself as a singer. Otherwise, there would have been no room for me to yoke up side-by-side with Emmy. And the truth of the matter is, these records just came around at the time when I could pull my weight and be an equal partner.

How did you meet Claudia?

I met her in '92 on my music video of "Lovin' All Night," which is kind of a sexy romp. I met her, and three minutes later I kissed her as part of the shoot, and she just got inside me. We've been together ever since. The funny thing about it is that if you'd said, "Draw up the dimensions on your perfect girl," it wouldn't have been Claudia.

Why not?

Well, she was wholesome, and I don't say that in any negative way. I was drawn to the dark-haired, troubled soul. Which would sound like a pass-



ing judgment on Rosanne, which I do not mean. It's just that Claudia was not complicated at all. And I was drawn to complication, which might have something to do with that mythical thing about creating from the dark side. It took me a couple of years to understand the beauty of the simplicity that love can be.

How tough was your divorce from Rosanne?

Oh, really tough! The year that followed that was dark. We had four kids, and we were breaking up something that had grown into a real lovely thing. What started out as an attraction to her beauty and her talent turned into a genuine love. I still love Rosanne, and I tell her. It certainly has become something else, as it should have. But Rosanne was the one who called a halt on the marriage, and she was right. I respect her courage, and the integrity that she had in blowing the whistle on it and saying, "This is done." I didn't agree with her intellectually, but I agreed with her emotionally.

Were you angry?

No, I wasn't angry. I knew she was

right. But I seriously mourned the loss of that marriage, and I mourned something that had happened and would never happen again. Rosanne and I were kids together. We made art together, and it was sweet. I learned a lot from her, and she learned a lot from me. And you never get that back. But I wouldn't have become the partner that I am with Claudia had I not had some really fine training with Rosanne. And, for that matter, with my first wife, who died young.

Your 2011 memoir of your Houston childhood, *Chinaberry Sidewalks*, was critically well-received. It was hilarious at times. But your parents' fights and your struggle to survive in that household made for painful, harrowing, and sometimes disturbing reading. Why did you want to write it?

Well, I started writing the songs for *The Houston Kid*, and it seemed for a while that the source of my inspiration was memory. At the time, I was a single parent. Rosanne and I had arranged co-custody, so I was at home, and in that quiet time when I wasn't traveling, the inspiration for it

started seeping up from the earth and finding its way to my heart.

I was surprised at how well you wrote it. Was it tough to relive all that in such detail?

No, the tough part was learning how to write prose. It took me seven years to more or less learn how to write. And then I discovered the constructive nature of revision. I'm a natural-born songwriter, but writing prose was a different canvas that I wanted to teach myself to paint on.

Reading it, it struck me that you sort of reared yourself. How did you rise above how you grew up?

Well, I'm not going to make myself more important than I am, but it could very well be that I saved my parents' lives. I was the perfect soul to come in and function as a referee for those two. I really should have been born with a striped shirt and a whistle and a cap. My parents were known brawlers.

hurt myself to stop them. That wasn't a very healthy thing to carry into adulthood.

And yet I don't get the sense that you were a troubled kid. Were you?

I wasn't a troubled kid. But just to be open about it, my problem was shame. I was deeply ashamed on a very cellular level. We had the most tawdry dwelling in an already tawdry section of town. I was ashamed that these were intelligent people who were settling for so much less. I've already talked to you about the early part of my career as a vocalist. There was a long period when *Diamonds & Dirt* happened when I was ashamed of how I sounded.

Ashamed why?

It wasn't good enough. Seems for a few people, it was, but it wasn't good enough for me. I mean, I'd heard Ray Charles, you know? And I was almost crippled by it. And I was supposed to

tongue in an ear is good stuff, as far as I'm concerned. The fallout from it is when the alcohol and the backstory and the jealousy meet. That's when the violence would erupt in those joints I write about.

I wrote about my mother taking down a woman in a situation like that. But my father courted that stuff and made it part of his show. He had his own little version of Iggy Pop goin' there. And I'm glad that I experienced that. That wasn't too much for a kid to see.

Did women hit on you, even at such a young age?

Well, they didn't hit on me. They just *ooed* and *aahed* because they were trying to get to my dad. Because my dad had some matinee-idol looks, and he was shameless about it.

Your mother had 13 miscarriages and one other child, a boy named Tex Edward who died as a newborn. You

**“I FEEL LIKE I WAS A FULLY FORMED SONG-
WRITER EARLY ON, BUT I DIDN'T BECOME A FULLY
FORMED RECORDING ARTIST UNTIL LATER ON.”**

Both of them brawled in public. I had to fight fire with fire. When I was 11, I hit myself over the head with a Dr Pepper bottle to stop one of their knock-down drag-outs. J.W. and Cauzette had really escalated into a war by then. Their instruction in both their lives was from extremely violent domestic situations, so that's all they knew. It was knee-jerk for them, and they carried that out until they outgrew it.

Which makes it all the more remarkable that you didn't turn out just like them.

Well, you assume that I didn't [*laughs*]. I had my demons, and I had to pay for them, too, in some ways. But I had the luxury of a creative outlet. And I didn't come out of it unscarred. I came of age in a time when it wasn't hard to find help for such things in therapy. And had I not, I wouldn't have written that book. I wouldn't have had any perspective on it.

I'm still surprised that you are not a violent person.

Well, I did a lot of violent things to myself. I have the scars. I learned to

be a country-music singin' star. Maybe it's not smart of me to admit that publicly, but what the hell. It's the truth. That was my inheritance from that crazed childhood. But I don't hold that against my mother and father. I think once anybody reads all the way to the end of *Chinaberry Sidewalks*, they realize that I don't hold them responsible for anything.

When you were 11, you played drums in your father's honky-tonk band. That put you in those tough Houston joints. You wrote, “I saw every kind of skirt lifting, ass grabbing, ear licking, tongue sucking, and dry humping there is.” What did you learn about the interaction of men and women from that situation?

Well, I'm glad I saw that, because it was rock 'n' roll, man! It was valuable to me. I think lust is good. Certainly the lust for living is good. And obviously as we get older, if you're able to channel aspects of lust properly, it keeps a relationship alive and thriving. The thing about lust and alcohol and sexuality and jealousy is that the lines become blurred. Jealousy is dangerous. Grabbing an ass and sticking a

investigated that.

Yes. I wanted to find a record of his death, and I did find it, and it sure looked like a bogus death certificate to me.

Why would that have been?

You know about Georgia Tann? In your spare time, check her out. She had a legitimate adoption service out of Memphis, but she also ran a black-market adoption ring. She was sentenced and died in 1950, the year I was born, before she actually served her time. The guess is, she harvested about 5,000 babies and sold them. Joan Crawford's children were Georgia Tann black-market babies. Georgia went around about a 150-mile radius of Memphis. And the birth of my brother fit the profile completely. It was a country doctor and a free-clinic birth in Paris, Tennessee. My mother had this beautiful baby with black hair that was there one day and gone the next, and my parents couldn't get any good reasons why. I started to really get into the notion that my brother was a Georgia Tann baby. My father never saw his body. My mother never did, either. My favor-



Emmylou Harris and Crowell
performing in Los Angeles
this past September.

“EMMY AND I WERE SMART ENOUGH A LONG TIME AGO NOT TO TRY TO MAKE IT ROMANTIC.”

ite aunt told me that she did, but I don't believe her. So I really thought about getting a lawyer to exhume my brother and do a DNA test. But I stopped short of that. I thought if my brother wasn't buried there, I'd have that knowledge he was out there, and I was afraid I'd never find him.

In your memoir, you talk of listening to a live Carter Family performance on the radio as a small child. Then you grew up and married Rosanne Cash, whose father had married June Carter. That made you part of the clan.

Yeah. Those recordings were made in San Antonio in the late thirties and broadcast on station XERA in Del Rio. And then in the mid-fifties, a station called XEG rebroadcast those transcripts as if they were happening in real time. So I was listening with my grandmother, and June Carter was doing comedy and singing. She was a young girl when the recordings were made, and I was in love with her! I thought she was close to my age. I later found out, no, this is a grown woman. And then years later she became my mother-in-law. It was a little—*[laughs]*. I remember telling her about it. I said, “Girl, I had a crush on you for the longest time.”

Not long after, you also heard Johnny Cash on the radio, and it changed your life.

Yeah, I wrote a song about it [“I Walk the Line (Revisited)"]. “First time

I heard Johnny Cash sing *I Walk the Line*...” Well, the story is, I went float fishing with my father and my grandfather one day on Caney Creek. Before dawn, with my grandpa in his gray wool suit, drinkin’. And them tradin’ whiskey slugs before sunup. We were driving down this two-rut road down into the piney woods of East Texas in a ‘49 Ford that my father borrowed from some guy. You know, cane pole out the window. I was sitting in the backseat with my chin resting between my grandpa and my father, and “I Walk the Line” came out of that dashboard radio. This must have been 1956, so I was six or so. And I remember hearing that, and I was hypnotized. It was almost like I was transfixed by all of it—the way it sounded coming out of that radio, the modulation down, the scratch of the rhythm. You know, John put tissue paper in the strings to get that sound. And that voice. I knew Hank Williams through and through. But this was a variation that had no prototype. It was just from another planet. And I wanted to know how that happened, how that came to be.

You once told me that after Johnny Cash died, he came through to you in a psychic reading.


Twice! First I went to this English woman who came to Nashville and read for people. I always figure we’re

paying for entertainment when we do that. And I don’t discount it at all. I do believe there are real clairvoyants, people with that talent. But nothing much was happening with this lady, and then she said, “Well, look, I don’t know much about this, but I do know this name Johnny Cash, and he has a message for you.” I said, “Oh, okay.” And she said, “His message is, ‘I’m up here playing the big trombone.’” And when she said that, I thought, *That’s the John I know*, because that was his sense of humor.

What did you make of that?

Well, here’s the rest that you don’t know. I was in Ireland doing a book tour, and the agent that booked me was touring a psychic at the same time. This was a different woman. And the agent said, “She’s packin’ ‘em in.” So I said, “Well, hook me up. I want to talk to her.” Turned out she was in the room next to me. She came and sat down, and a friend of my daughter had just committed suicide, and I was talking to her about that. And then she said, “By the way, your friend’s here.” And I said, “My friend?” She said, “Yeah, he told me to tell you he’s still playing the big trombone.”

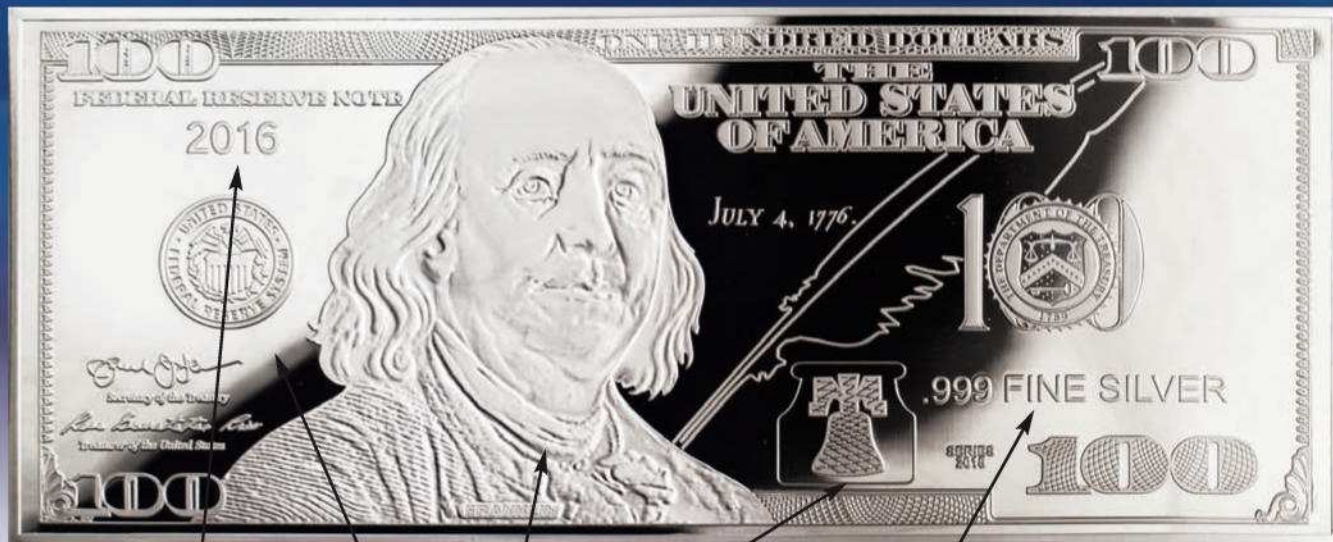
Wow! What do you think that means?

I think it just means joy. Because my daughter and I used to march around the house pretending we were playing horns. We’re all capable of real joy, you know? So I think that’s all that’s about. “I’m happy.” 

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Christiana Cinn has a degree in cosmetology, and she's working toward a career as a wardrobe stylist, but we're thrilled to highlight her attributes in front of the camera. We're sure you'll agree that it's the perfect place for her.

Photographs by James Hersman



“I loved nude modeling as soon as I tried it. I found it so liberating! After that, I started exploring what else I would like. That’s how I ended up working in the adult industry.”







"My first on-camera experience was incredible. It was a solo scene, and it was so hot that I had an amazing orgasm."





"The most exciting place I've ever had sex is in an elevator. It was a threesome with a couple I'm friends with."



"I'm pretty
easy to please.
My idea of
the ideal date
is a great
dinner, great
conversation,
and great sex."



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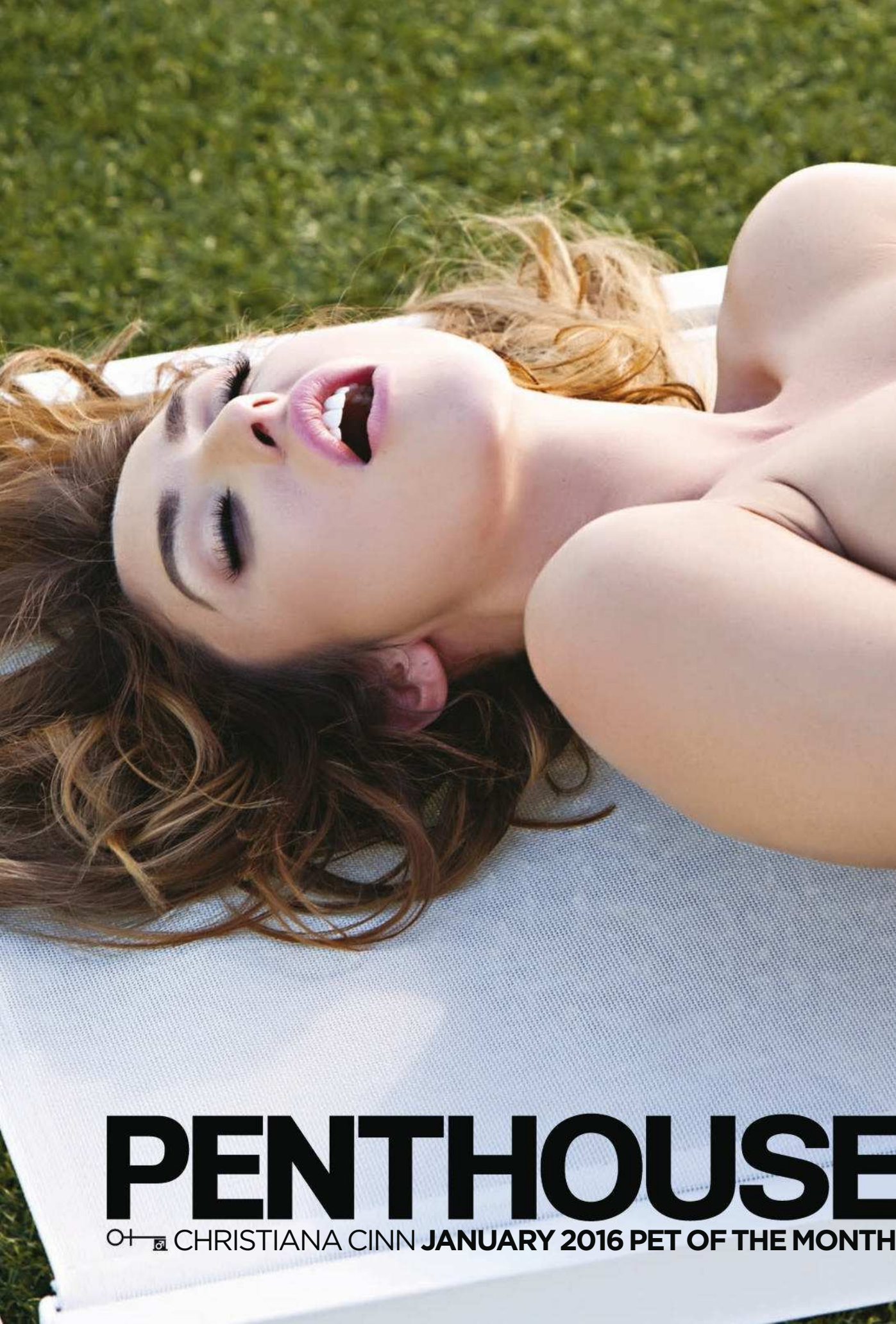
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♂ CHRISTIANA CINN JANUARY 2016 PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:
32C-24-34; 5'4"
25 years old

Hometown:
The Bay Area, California.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
I really appreciate the people, and there are breathtaking sights.

Your favorite food:
Italian.

Your favorite drink:
Mojitos.

Your favorite music:
Hip-hop and electronic dance music.

What music gets you in the mood?
R & B.

Your favorite sport:
Basketball.

Your favorite way to work out:
I just started taking pole-dancing classes, and I love it!

Your favorite way to relax:
A hot bubble bath.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?
The one in *Unfaithful* where they have sex in the hallway.

What's your favorite sex position?
One foot on his shoulder and the other in his mouth.

What do you consider kinky?
Handcuffs.

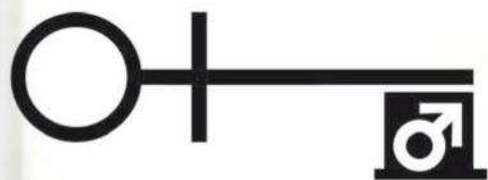
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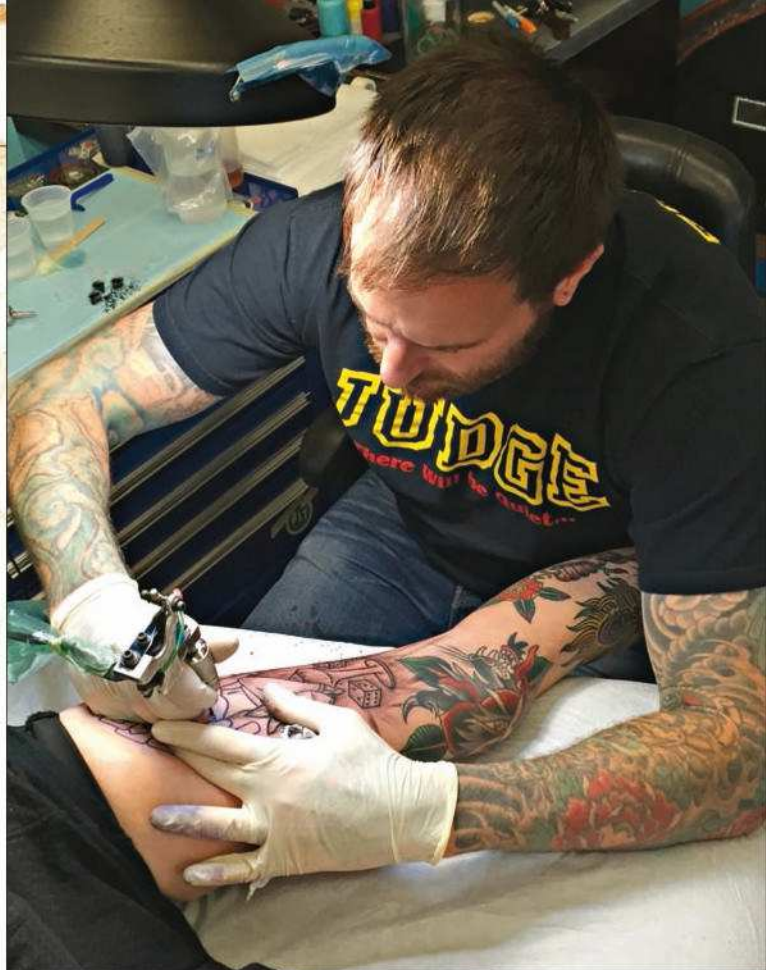


Dan Smith
Presents

BACK IN A FLASH

Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but let's not lose sight of the medium's history.

Artist: Steve Byrne
Tattooing for: 18 years
Find him at: Rock of Ages Tattooing in Austin, Texas
Instagram: @steve_byrne_tattoo
Email: stevebyrnetattoo@gmail.com



When did you first know you wanted to be a tattooer, and what influenced this decision?

It was early on. I was maybe 14 years old. The most important things to me before I found tattooing were punk and hardcore music. Those two things are so intrinsically linked, it would be difficult to deny that one interest did not impact the other. There were a few heavily tattooed people in bands that I was seeing in magazines or on MTV. I'd never seen anything like it, and I just knew it was cool.

Tell me about your early days discovering the craft.

I started tattooing in the city of Leeds, in northern England. The guy who showed me a few things about it had so little experience himself at the time that it was very much trial and error. It wasn't an apprenticeship like you or I would expect to see today. I worked there for five or six years before branching out on my own. It was really too early for me to be going out alone, but the circumstances at the time forced me to. But *discovery* is the right word. At the beginning, it was all about finding out as much as possible, from people I met and in books and magazines. I was just soaking it all up.

Do you specialize in a particular style?

I feel like I can turn my hand to most styles. There's stuff I don't

want to do, and things that I'm better at, but if the customer insists on something, I love to work and I'm not above tattooing anything.

What are your thoughts on the diverse styles out there today?

I'm constantly impressed with new styles and tattooers emerging who can do amazing things with the tools we have. I'm not sure anyone can predict where tattooing is going, but I'm grateful and happy to be part of it. I love tattooing, for better or worse. There's no other profession out there for me.

You're widely known for flawless and bold traditional tattoos.

Tell me about the image you selected for this project.

All the designs we were presented with are great, but I just felt I could do justice to the W. R. King design, as it is very much in the style that I like to work. We have a lot of his reference at Rock of Ages, so I have a real affinity with the designs and the work. It's fun and simple, and that's what tattooing should be.

Tell us about your interpretation of the design you chose.

My main goal when approaching anything like this is to honor the original design as much as possible. Most of my favorite vintage tattoo flash is drawn very badly and a little naively, but I find that the charm in that outweighs any artistic or technical ability





that I may have. Having said that, there's always a need to add something new when reinterpreting an old design. Even if it's just one little trick that makes it your own, that is enough.

The art of tattoo flash goes back such a long way, and really is the backbone of tattooing. Do you think it will one day be phased out due to modern innovation and trends?

We live in a time where people, and society in general, are looking for instant gratification in all kinds of things. Tattooing seems to be no different to me. I get people coming in all the time covered in fantastic, bold custom work that they have obviously spent a lot of time, money, and thought on. Yet they're in town on vacation and decided to treat themselves to a new tattoo and say, "I just want to choose it off the wall." That's great, as far as I'm concerned. All of us are very capable of doing full custom designs, but there's something very special about a person who comes in and looks around for ten minutes before choosing a design straight off the wall. I love that, and I have faith in the idea that that impulse will not be phased out by any modern innovations.

For some tattoo artists, painting is a release that tattooing cannot give them. How important is it to you?

For me it's not that important. I'm very lucky in that I get almost 100 percent control over what I tattoo on people on a day-to-day basis. That's enough for me, artistically, at this time in my life, especially while my children are young. If I'm not tattooing, I want to be with them. If a special project or book comes along that I just can't say no to, then I'll make the time and dive right in.

I took on a really fun book project this year called *OM*, which ended up being very fulfilling. Essentially, it was a published collection of stencils made for the tattooing process and put into a visual almanac of sorts. It was a great success as far as how well it sold, and the feedback from people who bought it was fantastic.

Do you think the groundbreaking tattooers who made the art what it is had something figured out that's lost today?

We can't even begin to imagine how it was back then. Those guys had to work a lot harder than our generation for what they had, that's for certain. Just overcoming society's negative bias toward tattooers and tattooed people would have been a constant struggle. There is a movement within tattooing that yearns for the days of old. I understand the idea that they were simpler times,



but I wonder how many people would actually welcome the extra work that would come with that.

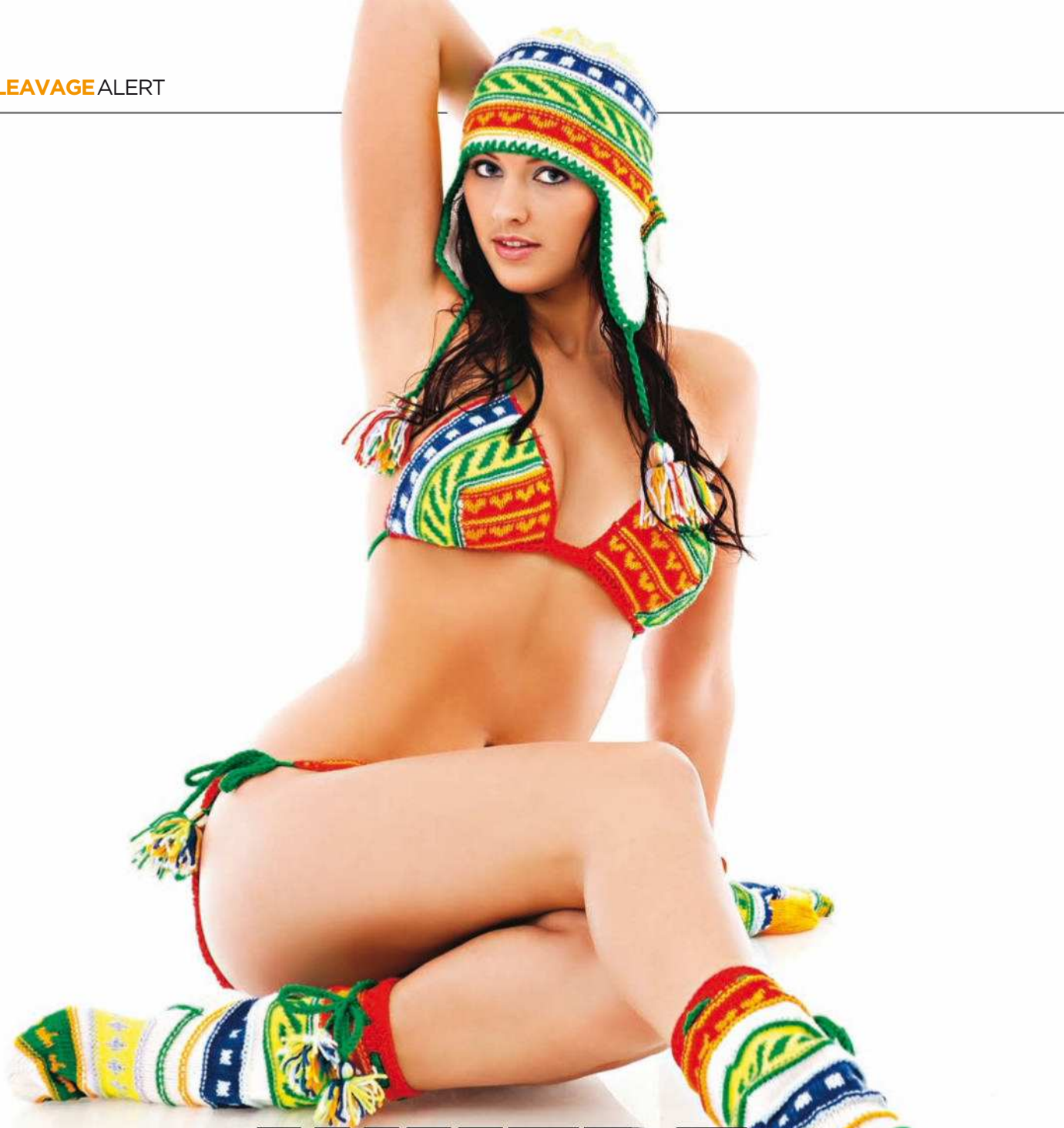
Is there any era of flash or tattoos that stands out to you?

It changes for me. For years, I wanted to just buy original flash sheets from long-dead tattooers, no matter the price tag. I've been on some crazy searches for that stuff and amassed a pretty respectable collection. It's come full circle now. I'm super into late-eighties/early-nineties stuff right now. Ed Hardy, Eddy Deutsche, Timothy Hoyer—closer to the era of tattoos that really excited me when I first started looking at them. I'm trying to loosen my work up to have that feeling: less rigid, with lots of power.

You were born in the U.K. and have spent many years traveling around the world tattooing. Have you discovered anything outside the U.S. that has influenced your work?

Traveling was a major part of my tattooing career, and still is in many ways. Taking my first trip to Japan ten years ago had a big influence on me, and is something I will never forget. Where I grew up had a great deal of impact on my tattooing and my outlook on life in general. That naturally carries over into any art form. I'm from a very working-class, no-nonsense region of England. People work hard there and understand the value of time and money. My home is in the United States now, but I'll always be proud of and remember where I came from.





WHERE THE GIRLS ARE *Winter 2016*

Resist the urge to wrap yourself in a wool blanket and stay on the couch until spring arrives. These wild winter festivals are surprisingly hot.

By Kara Wahlgren



TOURNAMENT OF ROSES

When: December 29–January 2

Where: Pasadena, California

Camping? Kind of. You're allowed to stake out your spot for the New Year's Day Rose Parade starting at noon on December 31.

The Basics: You probably usually watch the Rose Bowl in bed while nursing a New Year's Day hangover. Why not enjoy it in person? The festivities kick off a few days beforehand, with a two-day marching-band festival, a massive pep rally, and free tailgate parties that start at 8 A.M. on game day.

The Girls: We recommend DVR-ing the parade and heading to the tailgate parties bright and early to meet some hard-core football fans who take pre-gaming seriously.



SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL

When: January 21–31

Where: Park City, Utah

Camping? No.

The Basics: Filmmakers, A-listers, and movie buffs flock to this festival to attend star-studded panels, catch rising indie bands, and get a peek at future Oscar favorites before they hit theaters. Despite the exclusive vibe, tickets are available to the public—but they tend to sell out quickly, so you have to be speedy about it.

The Girls: Didn't score tickets? You can still rub shoulders with Hollywood hipsters at pop-up parties throughout Park City. And even if you don't see any famous faces, the local bars are usually packed with snow bunnies from the nearby ski resorts.



SAINT PAUL WINTER CARNIVAL

When: January 28–February 7

Where: Saint Paul, Minnesota

Camping? No.

The Basics: Way back in the 1880s, after a newspaper compared this Minnesota town to Siberia, locals responded by throwing a badass winter party. More than a century later, people are still braving the cold each year for a weeklong festival featuring an ice bar, a beer dabbler, parades, disc golf, a cat show (really), and a treasure hunt with a \$10,000 prize.

The Girls: Hit up the beer dabbler—an event unto itself with gourmet food trucks, live bands, and unlimited craft-beer samples. By the time the sun sets, *everyone* will be wearing beer goggles.



POLAR PLUNGES

When: Varies

Where: Nationwide

Camping? No.

The Basics: Shrinkage be damned! Participants dress in elaborate costumes and run into freezing waters to raise money for a good cause. Festivities vary from city to city, but there's usually a post-plunge party and the option to register as a "chicken" if you want to stay dry. A few standout locations are:

- The Maryland State Police Polar Bear Plunge on January 30 in Sandy Point State Park, Maryland, has an "ice lodge" tent and a beer garden for warming up after you dip.
- The Chicago Polar Plunge on March 6 could be a star-studded event—*Chicago Fire*'s Taylor Kinney showed up last year with fiancée Lady Gaga, and he's publicly challenged Steve Harvey to brave it this year.
- The South Lake Tahoe Polar Plunge on March 19 has a rock 'n' roll theme for costumes this year, so look for girls channeling their inner Nicki Minaj or Miley Cyrus.

The Girls: They're cold and crazy—but both in a good way.



MARDI GRAS

When: February 9

Where: New Orleans

Camping? No.

The Basics: For anyone who's been living in a bunker their entire life, Mardi Gras is the last night of Carnival season, best known for its masquerade balls, extravagant parades, and all-around drunken revelry.

The Girls: The heart of the action is on Bourbon Street, where you'll find girls flashing their assets at the parade floats in exchange for plastic beads. When you need a break from the sloppy bacchanalia, head to the NOLA Penthouse Club, where you'll find respite in its stunning girls, a sophisticated vibe, and superior bottle service.



OREGON WINTERFEST

When: February 12-14

Where: Bend, Oregon

Camping? No.

The Basics: You could spend Valentine's Day weekend wiping out your bank account on overpriced candlelit dinners, or you could head to this festival and enjoy a fire-pit competition, a wild stunt show from Metal Mulisha, food carts, and live bands.

The Girls: Get a head start on Friday with the Wine Walk, a tasting tour in the Old Mill District where you can get tipsy and talk aromas and acidity with fellow wine snobs.



CUPID'S UNDIE RUN

When: February

Where: Various locations

Camping? No.

The Basics: What better way to spend a frigid February day than stripping down to your Skivvies and going for a brisk jog through the streets? This annual charity event, which raises money for the Children's Tumor Foundation, is coming to more than 35 cities throughout the U.S. and Australia. No worries if you've slacked on your workouts this winter—the course clocks in at around a mile.

The Girls: Aside from the obvious eye candy, there's a decent chance runners have a little bit of an exhibitionist streak. If nothing else, they're up for a good time and a good cause.

WORST DAY OF THE YEAR RIDE

When: February 14

Where: Portland, Oregon

Camping? No.

The Basics: A few thousand Valentine's Day cynics put on crazy costumes and bike around—there's a 15-mile course for casual bikers and a 46-mile Challenge Course for seasoned riders. Either way, you'll get snacks along the route and a warm bowl of chili at the finish line.

The Girls: Anyone willing to proclaim V-Day "the worst day" is probably single. Arrive early for the pre-ride party and get to know your fellow participants.

FLORIDA'S MARCH MUSIC FESTIVALS

The Sunshine State kicks it up with three huge music festivals. No matter what type of music you're into, you're bound to find someone from your favorite playlist.



OKEECHOBEE MUSIC & ARTS FESTIVAL

March 4-6; Okeechobee

This spanking-new festival will hit the ground running with more than 80 performers—everyone from Grace Potter to Fetty Wap to Skrillex. After partying all night, catch a few winks in your “boutique” rental tent, take a yoga class at dawn, hang out at the lakeside beach and bar, and start all over again.



GASPARILLA MUSIC FESTIVAL

March 12-13; Tampa

This fest in downtown Tampa mixes big rock headliners with fun indie-pop acts on smaller stages. No camping, but there are plenty of hotels within a few blocks of the festival grounds.



ULTRA MUSIC FESTIVAL

March 18-20; Miami

Grab your glow sticks for this 18-and-older event featuring the biggest names in electronic dance music (last year's festival featured Avicii, Afrojack, deadmau5, and Duran Duran, to name a few). No camping, but you probably won't be sleeping much anyway.



SXSW

When: March 11-20

Where: Austin, Texas

Camping? Not officially, but there are plenty of campgrounds around Austin if sleeping under the stars is your thing.

The Basics: There are film festivals, there are concert festivals, there are tech conventions—and then there's SXSW, which combines all of the above and is basically a mecca for media junkies. At night, you can hit up swanky events and pop-up house parties, or just cruise the local bars and see what you find.

The Girls: While many of the official events are attended by industry types who are at least pretending to work, the music festival has more of an all-access vibe, with bohemian babes getting their drink on and jamming out to on-the-verge artists.

The Girls: Each festival has its own vibe, but it shouldn't be hard to find girls looking to go home with a good story to tell.



PHILLY'S ERIN EXPRESS

When: March 12

Where: Philadelphia

Camping? No.

The Basics: For more than three decades, Philly has hosted one of the country's biggest St. Patrick's Day bar crawls. Free buses run among the city's best Irish bars, and partygoers can hop on and off as they please. And Philly doesn't screw around when it comes to St. Paddy's Day—the festivities include a warm-up crawl the weekend prior, a Leprechaun Run, a music festival, and the "Running of the Micks" on the art-museum stairs, aka the workout steps from *Rocky*.

The Girls: The annual event is always packed with singles on a mission to get plastered, so wear your "Kiss Me I'm Irish" shirt—because *everyone's* Irish on SPD—and get on board.



CALLE OCHO

When: March 13

Where: Miami

Camping? No.

The Basics: More than a million visitors head to Miami's Little Havana neighborhood each year for this wild, all-day celebration along SW 8th Street (the same "Calle Ocho" referenced in Pitbull's "I Know You Want Me"). The festival includes foods from all over the world, plenty of dancing in the streets, and live music ranging from rock to reggaeton.

The Girls: Everything's hotter in Miami, and the girls are no exception. After a week of Carnival festivities, the crowd will be in peak party mode.



MONSTER JAM WORLD FINALS XVII

When: March 17-19

Where: Las Vegas

Camping? No.

The Basics: To get the most out of this two-day monster-truck competition, book a Double Down package, which gives you access to all the fun stuff leading up to the main event—like a barbecue, a Young Guns shoot-out with up-and-coming drivers, and early entry into the pit parties.

The Girls: There are two types of women at Monster Jam: those who come reluctantly with their husbands, and those who genuinely love big-ass trucks. Look for the latter.



AUTO CLUB 400

When: March 18-20

Where: Fontana, California

Camping? Yes.

The Basics: This race at the Auto Club Speedway—about an hour east of Los Angeles—was rumored to be changing back to its original 500-mile format in 2016, but at press time, it's still billed as a 400. Either way, you'll be watching NASCAR under the Southern California sun, which is pretty awesome. Come a couple of days early to catch the qualifier and the NXS 300, and camp out on the infield with other superfans between the races.

The Girls: Grab a pre-race pit pass for Friday or Saturday, and you'll be able to scope out fast cars *and* the women who appreciate them.

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God Save the Queen

When it comes to the 2016 presidential election, is the throne there for Hillary Clinton's taking?

By Steve Faber

“God save the queen/ She ain’t no human being/ There is no future/ and England’s dreaming.”—*Sex Pistols* (1977)



The 1970s: The decade began ripe with baby-boomer hopes and dreams, forged from peaceful, violent, and collective protest. It wound down after being turned utterly meaningless by the same boomers, who’d cashed in, shoved it up their noses, and danced their angst and guilt away in idiotic discos, aborting the dream and creating club culture. All this nonsense was shoved down my

throat (I’m a “tweener”—too old to be Gen X, too young to be a boomer; there are a few years’ worth of us, from the time between when the birth rate started dropping in 1960 and when the media collectively decided the baby boom had to be 20 years long) at the university where I, like my fellow tweeners, bought into—hell, went all-in, gave all in service of—the early boomer bullshit (the “hopes and dreams” cutout), while the boomers themselves were running

away, figuring out what comprised “child support,” utilizing their PhDs, setting up 100 different programs for 100 different “addictions,” and “taking care of No. 1.” Themselves. We tweeners couldn’t get past the door guys and the velvet rope at the club we were taught to loathe, but about which we were curious. Of course, now it’s all clear. The joke was on us. The boomers owned the club. Baby-boomer culture is the Skull and Bones/Freemason/[pick your secret

society] of the United States. Not a member? Fuck off.

In Britain, it was much different: The decade started in a rioting hell and ended in a rioting hell. No hopes, no dreams. The monarchy was in horrible shape, as inflation and the First World's financial meltdown hit the U.K. particularly hard, especially given the state safety net that both Tory and Labour promised and attempted to deliver. The royals were met with disgust by a generation sick of watching a peculiar and somewhat inbred family live in different castles and pay no taxes. (In a brilliant PR move, the royals were rehabilitated less than 20 years later, after turning the tragic death of a bulimic, confused young girl/princess into something they could own and use ["we grieve, too"] to become a part of the people because she was "of the people" and

and incarcerate. The seventies dream was cut up in lines and straws were handed out; it was all depressing and regrettable. And where does one go when the dream croaks, when the hopes are dashed? One goes to Bill Clinton, the real no-dreams deal. One becomes Hillary Rodham Clinton. He was in Britain on a Rhodes scholarship when the hell began over there and she realized the painful, awful truth: It's done. It's over. The seventies was the bastard child of the sixties, and that child chose the wrong side of the tracks. But if she threw in with Bill, they'd rule the world. He'd outflank her on the right; she'd outflank him on the left. He had some troublesome habits—compulsions, really—but did that matter?

Apparently, it didn't. The first political calculation was made manifest in 1975, in front of 15 people and a

themselves laughing. Hey, at least when the rock star took the oath of office and became President Obama, the Clintons had good seats at the swearing-in.

Now, Hillary is our Statesman Nixon meets Queen Elizabeth. She's not baking cupcakes in her dotage in Fayetteville. Trust me. She's taking the throne. She gigged with President Obama for four years as secretary of state, apparently wanting Osama bin Laden more dead than the others who simply wanted him really dead, and now she's the Vin Diesel of the Democratic party: She's fast, furious, get out of the fucking way. Having locked down (in what is a curious and anonymous political gang bang) Wall Street/high finance, labor, law enforcement, and immigrants, and every interest group and cause, she's basically covered the spread.

Hillary Clinton is the Vin Diesel of the Democratic party: She's fast, furious, get out of the fucking way. Having locked down every interest group and cause, she's basically covered the spread.


they had welcomed her, until she figured out it would end badly, and so did they. Thus, the royals folded their hand while she bailed out. But they kept her in death. That was part of the deal. Diana's brand became the royal brand, and the nasty tax issues, for the most part, were excused. Now, our bat-shit-crazy desire to follow the uterus of every young female royal has turned both the U.K. and the U.S. into a collective Dorothy lost in royal Oz. Except we don't want to go home. We're happy and warm, comforted in that womb, where we don't have to think about our hell for, say, nine-month segments. Prince Who? Princess What? Awesome! Keep cranking 'em out! Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth stays on the throne, still going strong at some bizarrely old age, as most of them have some genetic predilection toward living 30 years longer than anybody else. Her son will take the throne when he's 112. It's all good. Helen Mirren tells us so. And wins awards for doing so.)

Back to the seventies: This was also the decade that produced, and I mean *produced*, Hillary Rodham. She didn't let go of the seventies dream until she realized it ended on a cul-de-sac in [choose your suburbville]. The Equal Rights Amendment didn't pass; Richard Nixon was fully reborn an elder statesman, not the conniving criminal she attempted to prosecute

Methodist minister in the living room of a Fayetteville, Arkansas, home. Her new home. Might as well have put her on Mars. And unlike the tragic princess, Hillary stayed the course and was duly rewarded and punished: wife of a governor, wife of a player/banger/baller, wife of a president, all the while carving out her territory, all the while protecting herself and her child from the pestering public and media circus obsessed with her husband's ... habits. Any other clear-thinking woman (or man, for that matter) would have been knee-deep in alimony after 20-some-odd years of that nonsense, but not Hillary. Why?

Well, the story really writes itself. There was going to come a point in time when the female population decidedly outnumbered the male population and the narrative of a "first female president" would and could make sense. She could run away from Arkansas, gracefully exit the White House, grab a Senate seat in New York, and wait for the inauguration. The historic inauguration. Except a funny thing happened on the way to the White House. The historic inauguration was not hers, but rather that of a man named Barack Obama. Had you told Bill and Hillary in, say, 1998 that, ten years hence, a man named Barack Hussein Obama would be president of the United States, they would have pissed

Having left forlorn Joe Biden at the curb, she's up against an elderly Democratic Socialist who can't explain to the satisfaction of many what Democratic Socialism is (odd to me, since I was or am a democratic socialist ... you are, too, if your grandma's on social security or Medicare, or you pay state tax for services rendered; Democratic Socialism is Britain in the 1970s without the rioting), the "fun, folk-singing" former mayor of Baltimore, and a man who wants to re-litigate the Vietnam War (as of this writing, Jim Webb has dropped out of the race, which was surprising as I don't remember when Jim Webb dropped in). Then she'll have to take on a Republican party that is having a public nervous breakdown—the throne is ripe for the picking. MSNBC, which, by nature, should have been Bernie Sanders's mouthpiece, knows when to keep its mouth shut. Hillary's got it all locked down. Throw your best punch. She'll kick you in the political balls and not bat an eyelash, leaving the American public wondering not whether she can be beaten, but rather when we will be beaten into submission, for good or ill, and dropped off in a dirty alley, our eyes fixed on our devices watching a coronation, er, inauguration.

God save the queen. There's even a place at the table for atheists. 



SKIN DIAMOND

19 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



For more than a year, I've had the pleasure of showcasing my fellow Penthouse Pets with sexy candid photos of a day in their lives. The centerfolds also provide a list of facts known only to their close friends and relatives. Welcome to the family.

By Sam Phillips

Skin Diamond, our 2015 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, has compact curves and an edgy fashion sense that have helped her take both the fashion world and the porn industry by storm. Skin is fierce and free-spirited, a multi-nominated and award-winning adult actress, a renowned mainstream model, and quite possibly the coolest chick alive.

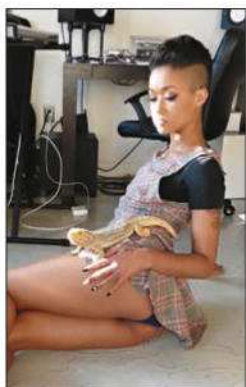
She's nerdy. She's girly. She's down to get dirty. That's why I love having her film Penthouse TV lifestyle segments whenever she's in town, and cohost my *Single Life* radio show on Vivid Radio SiriusXM 791. She has the most devoted fan base I've ever seen.

As the first woman of color to hold one of *Penthouse's* coveted Pet of the Year titles, Skin spent 2015 shooting films and photo sets, making personal appearances for *Penthouse*, traveling, and feature dancing. Skin also developed a new fetish-style burlesque act that she unveiled on Halloween at Hollywood's Bar Sinister, she's hit Atlantic City, and she'll be in London performing at Torture Garden's New Year's Eve Ball.


You can follow Skin on Twitter @Skin_Diamond or Instagram @skindiamond. See more photos at Penthouse.com or at Skin's websites, SkinDiamondVIP.com and DiamondAllonsy.com.

1. My first jobs were working with kids. I was a day-care worker, and I worked at a bookstore reading to preschool kids. They called me the Storybook Lady.
2. I used to work with horses regularly. Not only did I work at my nearest riding stable to earn points for free lessons, but I also tried out equestrian vaulting (gymnastics on horseback). That's how I broke my nose.
3. As a child I was always a loner. Instead of having friends, I retreated into my books and started writing for myself when I was only five.
4. I'm actually pretty shy. It wasn't until I began studying acting that I really started to come out of my shell.
5. I was raised very religiously, as my parents were born-again-Christian missionaries—which is why we moved to Scotland.
6. Although I no longer believe in organized religion, I'm still very spiritual and respect everyone's choices, as long as they aren't being dicks about it. I'm all about love and compassion, man.

7. I love animals! I have three cats and a bearded dragon, but my dream is to retire one day to a farm in another country and have all the animals.
8. I've been obsessed with mermaids my whole life. I dream that I am one regularly, and I like to write about them. My bathrooms are full of mermaid art and sculptures.
9. I love cooking and baking, especially for other people. My favorite things to make are stews and cookies, which is a pretty good combination, if I say so myself.
10. My style literally cannot be defined because it changes every day, and I like to mix things up. Urban goth one day, punk geek the next. I like my style how I like my music: all over the fucking place.
11. I spent a month in South America shooting as the supporting lead actress for an indie movie called *A Bitter Lime*, directed by Max De Bowen, which is due to come out in the beginning of 2016.



12. I once got to do a photo shoot in Houdini's last water tank before it got sent to the Smithsonian museum.
13. I was stung by a jellyfish while I was scuba diving off the coast of Ibiza. It wrapped around my neck and I had to go to hospital. Second-worst pain I have ever felt in my life! And no, pee didn't help.
14. If I could always have pink hair without the hassle of hair dye, I totally would.
15. The day I get to hang out with wild elephants I will happily cry my eyes out. I love elephants because they are such intelligent, emotional, and kind creatures. They are definitely my spirit animals.

16. I've always loved singing and writing, but until recently I was always too nervous to perform in that way in front of people. But a little over a year ago, I decided to write and record a song, even if it didn't go anywhere. Shortly after that, an adult company approached me to do a scene that started out like a music video to original music. I saw that as an opportunity to accomplish my goal and jumped at the chance. I wrote and recorded my very first song, and we shot an amazing music video of it, which we put on YouTube and Vimeo. Since then, I've been addicted to improving my voice and writing techniques, and have been working with some really amazing producers in one of L.A.'s top recording studios to create my first-ever official EP.
17. I was once used as a reference model by artist David Mack to draw the superhero character Echo in *Daredevil: End of Days Volume 3*, and I appeared in the official Marvel comic books.
18. I don't own a TV and pretty much watch everything online because I can't stand the amount of commercials that they brainwash people with in this country.
19. I'm 110 percent pro-marijuana, as I believe that the health benefits are beyond amazing and that it is much safer than cigarettes or alcohol. Fact: I even endorse my own weed strain with Natural Cannabis Company, so if you've always wanted to smoke it up with me, now you kind of can. 

Shirley Diamond
XOXO



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SAPPHIC SLEEPOVER

Alyssa knows the best way to christen her new bed is to invite her friend Tiffany for a decorating party. When that turns into an impromptu exploration of their mutual attraction, the girls have a night they'll remember forever ... and one they'll reenact frequently.

Photographs by Tammy Sands















SEE MORE OF ALYSSA & TIFFANY AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.



CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



Mood Lighting

What's the best way to light a bedroom for sex?

Warm, soft light is most flattering to faces and bodies, and it lends a cozy, relaxed ambience to a room. That's the answer commonly given, and it's quite right, I think. But when it comes to practical advice, most things I've read are vague, and not at all helpful.

Getting it right is really simple, though. Here's what to do.

First, let's establish that this isn't about lighting up a homemade porno shoot. That's a whole other thing. This is about having sex in a nicely lit room. Some people always have sex in the

dark because their bedroom lighting sucks. With correct lighting, it should feel perfectly comfortable to do it with the lights on.

Now consider the most basic question: Day or night? Light in the bedroom should be conducive to sex



in the daytime as well as after dark. Daylight can be sweet and mellow, but it also can be glaringly harsh, or dim and gloomy. Even during the daytime, it's important to be able to control the light.

Look at your windows. If you only have a curtain or plain window shade that you pull down to make the room dark, add a light-filtering cellular shade for softening bright sunlight, or put up louvered blinds that adjust to let in more or less outside light.

For nighttime, your bedroom should have a minimum of two light fixtures placed on either side of the bed. Ideally, these should be small shaded lamps placed on bedside tables. (If you're still sleeping on a mattress and box spring on the floor, it's time to get a proper bed frame.) If you can't fit nightstands on both sides of the bed, install sconces on the wall instead. If you can't do that, get a couple of small floor lamps.

Put one 40-watt incandescent bulb, either clear or soft white, in each lamp. Do not use LED bulbs. Do not use compact-fluorescent bulbs. Save energy anyplace else, but use incandescent bulbs in the bedroom.

If you want to get fancy, buy a couple of Ferrowatt bulbs (Ferrowatt.com). These are exact reproductions of early bulbs invented by Thomas Edison. They give a much warmer glow than any modern bulb, and people look gorgeous in it. Watt-for-watt, the antique technology puts out less light than today's bulbs. That means a 60-watt Ferrowatt bulb is about as bright as a typical 40-watt incandescent bulb.

A third ambient light source in the bedroom is optional. That could be another small lamp set on a dresser or standing in a corner opposite the bed. It could even be a light inside a closet or in a connecting bathroom. But it should not be an overhead light. *Never* turn on the overhead light.

It's unfortunate that most bedrooms have a light fixture on the ceiling, and that many bedrooms have only that one light. Shining light down from overhead is the least sexy way to illuminate a room. It casts shadows that make everything look bad.

The other thing you must never do is light your bedroom with candles—unless you live in a medieval castle. Candles in the bedroom are a cheese-ball touch at best. At worst, they're liable to (literally) set the room on fire.

Two bedside lamps with incandescent 40-watt bulbs. That's all you need.

NOW THAT'S CLEAN

My husband would really love it if I would rim him, and I'll do it only if he can get his ass really, really clean. My sense of smell is highly sensitive, and I'd be grossed out by any hint of butt odor. Any tips on prepping for a rimjob?



Anyone can follow these six steps to make their asshole clean as a whistle.

First, gather the following supplies:

- A handheld shower attachment
- A bar of plain white bath soap (such as Ivory)
- An enema kit or disposable enema bottle (such as Fleet)
- Water-based lube

Step 1: Install a handheld shower attachment if you don't already have one. It's an inexpensive and easy DIY add-on. You'll need it to wash your ass properly.

Step 2: A couple of hours before the anticipated rimjob, take a nice hot shower, and wash with plain bar soap. Don't use any fancy scented stuff or any soap labeled "antibacterial." Many antibacterial soaps contain chemicals called triclosan and triclocarban that can pass through the skin into your bloodstream and mess with your hormones. Plain soap, such as Ivory, cleans as well as anything.


Step 3: Before you finish showering, set up your enema. You're going to fill up your rectum with warm water to wash out any poop in there. If you want to get it done in one shot, use a kit with a hose attached to a big rubber water bottle. If you don't mind doing a few flushes, a small disposable enema bottle

will work fine. If you do choose a ready-to-use disposable enema, empty out the solution in the bottle and rinse it well before refilling it with warm tap water. Disposable enemas have a laxative in them, and you don't want to loosen your bowels.

Take your enema and some water-based lube back into the shower. Lube up your anus and the tip of the enema nozzle. Squat down, or get on your back with your legs up on the shower wall. Put the nozzle gently up your butt, and let the water flow. You'll feel full, kind of like you have to take a dump. Hold the water in. Then push it all out. Some brown chunks might come out as well. That's why you're in the shower. Wash it all down the drain. The handheld sprayer will help you with that. Refill the bottle and repeat until only clear water comes out of your butt. Lather yourself up again with soap and finish your shower.

Step 4: Dry off, put on clean clothes, and go hang out with your partner until it's time to get licked.

Step 5: Immediately beforehand, get back in the shower. Spend at least 15 minutes showering again. Do the enema one more time if you're not certain whether you're all clear. Thoroughly soap your ass (guys should also pay extra attention to their balls and dick). Rinse your whole undercarriage really well with the handheld sprayer, and repeat. Before you get out, turn down the water temperature and take a cool rinse. A hot shower gets you clean, but it can also make you sweaty.

Step 6: Dry off with a clean towel. Then take a square of tissue and daub your asshole with it. Sniff it. It shouldn't smell like butt. It should smell like nothing. If that checks out, then you're good to go get rimmed. 



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MORE NOW THAN EVER

In his 28 years as a comic, Marc Maron has never been busier: He's got his own TV show, an iconic podcast, and, this month on EPIX, a *slightly* less angry stand-up special, *Marc Maron: More Later*.

Interview by John Bolster

When the White House contacts you, via your website, to see if you might be interested in interviewing the President of the United States, it's safe to say you've arrived as a podcaster. Marc Maron received just such an inquiry in the spring of 2014, and in June of the following year, long after his producer had determined the query was not in fact a hoax, Maron welcomed President Barack Obama—along with a full Secret Service security detail, complete with rooftop snipers—to his cramped garage, where all episodes of *WTF With Marc Maron*, his hit podcast, are taped. It was, Maron quipped at the time, “a big day for our country, for me, and for my cats.” It was also testimony to *WTF*'s runaway success during the past five years. Maron's probing, introspective interview style has struck a chord, and *WTF*'s popularity has helped land him a TV show, *Maron*, and boosted his already successful career in stand-up. This month the comedy lifer premiered *Marc Maron: More Later*, his first stand-up special since 2013's *Thinky Pain*. It's available on demand on EPIX.

Last time we talked, in 2010, your podcast was just taking off. You had a respectable audience of about 30,000 per episode. Now, you get six million downloads per month, more than 550,000 per episode, and you had the President on. I think it's the *Penthouse* bump. I absolutely credit you, in all media, as being the guy that turned it around for me. I really owe you a great deal of gratitude for that.

I'm happy to do it.

Yeah. We've got 210 million total downloads, and the Obama episode is now at about 2.8 million.

Speaking of the President, am I right in thinking that you were actually less nervous talking to him than you were to Keith Richards in a recent episode?

That's probably true. Because, you know, outside of the excitement and weird honor—or very specific honor—of being asked to talk to the President, the tricky thing was making sure we had a candid exchange. So most of the nervousness went into that. I was also just nervous about the event of it all. But the President is going to give you what he's going to give you [*laughs*]. You know what I mean? He's not gonna start crying, or ...

[Laughs] He's not going to break down.

With Keith—Keith is somebody who I've had in my mind and in my heart since I was a kid. He's a mythic personality that is bigger than life for me. The President became very life-size very quickly. He put me at ease, and ... he just felt like a *guy*. They all are. But with Keith, you know, he may be just a *guy*, but he's still ... fucking Keith Richards. So I was more nervous and more excited to talk to Keith Richards.

You have a stand-up special out this month on EPIX. At the end of it, you talk about how your style has evolved to being more about your internal life than about politics or anything external. But since anger is your muse, don't you want to comment on the current political climate? Aren't you angry that Donald Trump is being taken seriously as a presidential candidate? It's weird: After working that beat for as long as I did, which was a couple of years [on Air America] of being entrenched in political talk and seeing how it all works, my anger is tempered by the fact that, if this guy is speaking to America, it speaks to problems. I think it speaks more to what suckers a lot of Americans are, how divided and weird we are about issues that affect our lives. I mean, it reflects something, and I think people should deal with what that reflects. If people want to condescend Bernie Sanders, and not really talk about practical solutions to real issues that we all face, then, fuck it. Good luck, America.

In the special, there's a ton of pre-show angst, which is filmed, before you go onstage, and—Did you think it was angst?

It struck me as angst, yes. Over how you hadn't worked out the ending, and—Oh, yeah—and pizza.

Yeah, and whether or not to eat pizza before the show. That deep-dish pizza, which I don't consider pizza, but that's a New York thing.

Yeah, that is. It's a different conversation. We're just going to have to let it be Chicago. We're just going to have to say, “That's what they do in Chicago. We don't do that in New York.”

Exactly [*laughs*]. But how much of that is real? Did you really not have the ending worked out?

I did not have the ending worked out. But [only] in terms of buttoning it up. I worked very hard on that material and on the bones of that set. It was very important to me to [do a] theater special. I wanted to have a through line, I wanted to have callbacks, I wanted the whole set to feel like a piece, that it was all one piece. Not just ... jokes.

You unveil an “inner blogger” in this special, a meta voice you use. Did that come from real-life experience? It happened organically onstage at some point, and I just kept going with it, because it's sort of a real narrative. It became a conversation I was having with the part of me that never thinks I'm doing good enough or working hard enough. The great thing about that device is, I can engage with it anytime onstage. It's a nice little tool to have.

Can you talk about the concept of “contempathy”? Maybe we can get that word recognized by Merriam-Webster, like “truthiness” was. It's where your moment of contempt and your moment of empathy move closer together, so it's almost a single arc of emotion. Where you're like, “Oh, fuck that guy. Ohhh, he's not doing well.” You know? To me it's a sign of growth. I think that should be a word, sure.

On *WTF* recently, you said that you've started to let things go—whether they're old hang-ups or grudges—and that you weren't sure if that's because of wisdom, or just old age and fatigue. That struck me as funny, that there's a fine line between wisdom and throwing in the towel. Well, I think the fact that you are still plugging along, and not causing as much trouble as you used to, is obviously an indicator of wisdom.... But I think there is a Zen to letting things go, and when it happens sort of without you really doing it on purpose, it's surprising. When you have that moment, like, “Wow, I really don't give a shit about that anymore,” ... [*laughs*] ... “I can't really take credit for it, but it just seems to have gone away.” I guess that is a type of wisdom, yeah.

It's a by-product of just hanging around.

I think that's probably true—if you're lucky. Though, you know, some people fight to the end. ☯

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PROFILE

Age: 25
Height: 5'2"
Bra size: 32DD
Home state: Texas

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: One year

"I had never done anything like this before. I'd danced, but only for three days. I was a cake decorator at the time. But I was a huge fan of the *Cathouse* TV show, and I decided to send in my photos just to see what they would say. The rest is history."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"Before I came to the Ranch, I really was the girl next door. I'd been with one guy until I was 21, and I had never been with a girl. When I got to the Ranch, I really exploded and got to explore my sexuality."

"I love to work with fellow Bunny Air Force Amy. She took my girl strap-on virginity and my double-ended-dildo virginity. She's just crazy in the bedroom! I feel like I learn a lot from her every time we party together."

"I'm still an anal virgin. I'm not against losing it, but it has to be with the right client. It's special. It almost feels more intimate than when I lost my virginity, so I want it to be good."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"I could live in a nudist colony—I'm really comfortable with myself sexually. And because I'm so comfortable with myself, I can make everyone around me comfortable, too. I like to hold hands and be very close. But I'm also very competitive, and I want to be the very best you've ever had. I find out exactly what my clients like and what gets them off so I can give them what they want."


ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"My very first party was a guy who'd just come home from Afghanistan, and I got to take his virginity. It was such a good first experience—for both of us."

"I once had a 'lobster party.' This guy came in, and he wanted me to pretend that he was a lobster and I was eating him on a special occasion. It was different, but fun."

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"It's so important to mix things up. Maybe try 'Naked Tuesdays' or something. Try anything that's different and fun and keeps the spark alive."

"Also, guys should be more welcoming of toys in the bedroom. Women get a very different kind of orgasm from dildos and vibrators, and if a guy is willing to try them out, he can really blow his woman's mind." 



"If you put a pillow under your girl's butt while you're having sex, you can go deeper. But a lot of people don't realize it works for guys, too. If your girl is riding you, put a pillow under your ass. She'll be able to take you much, much deeper. It's so good!"



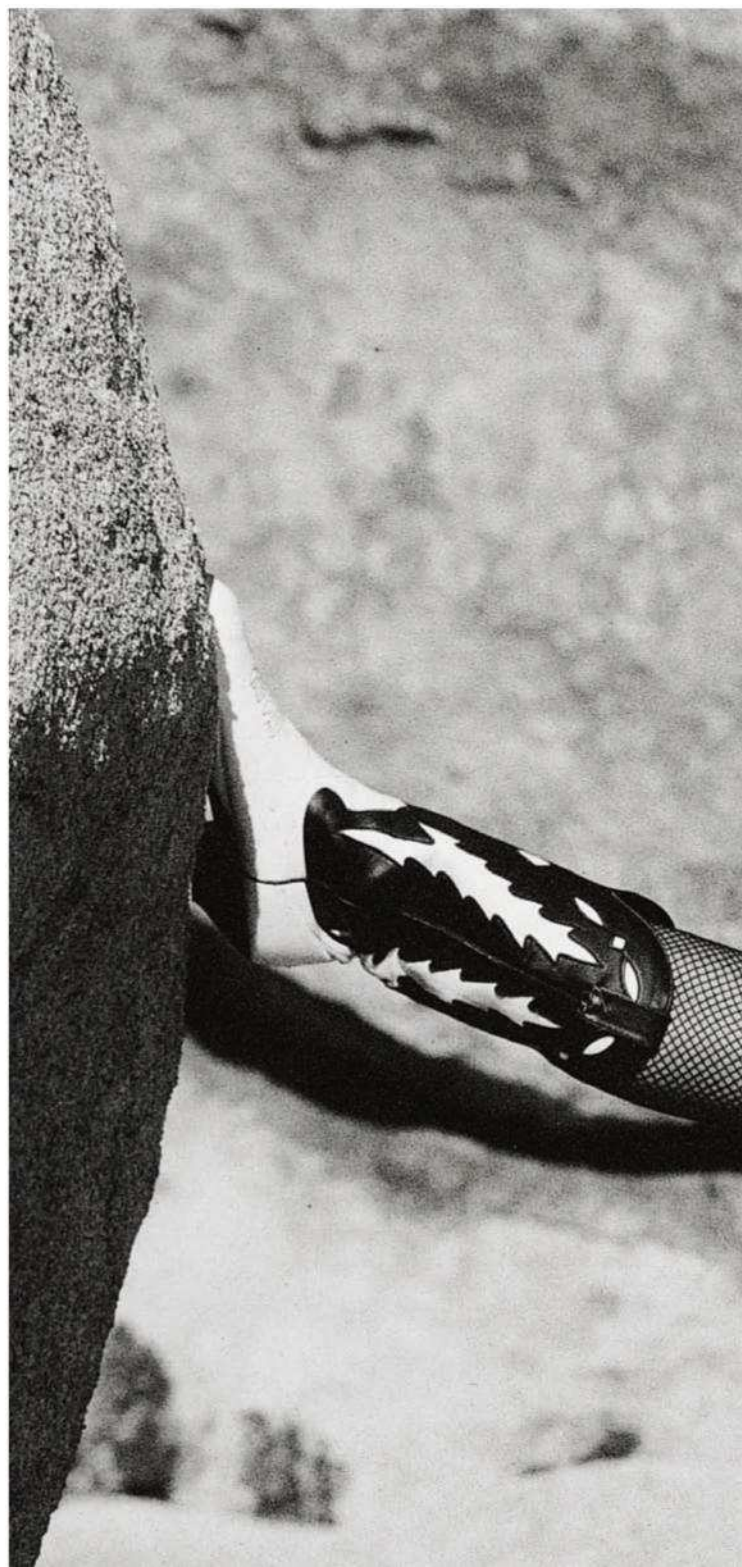
TAYLOR

ICONIC IMAGERY

Our series of retrospective pictorials continues with this December 1995 layout.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Using a special camera filter, the late J. Stephen Hicks captured a moment of beauty that would have been lost in color prints. "Taylor has a great face for black-and-white photography," he told us. "This is some of my most inspired work."





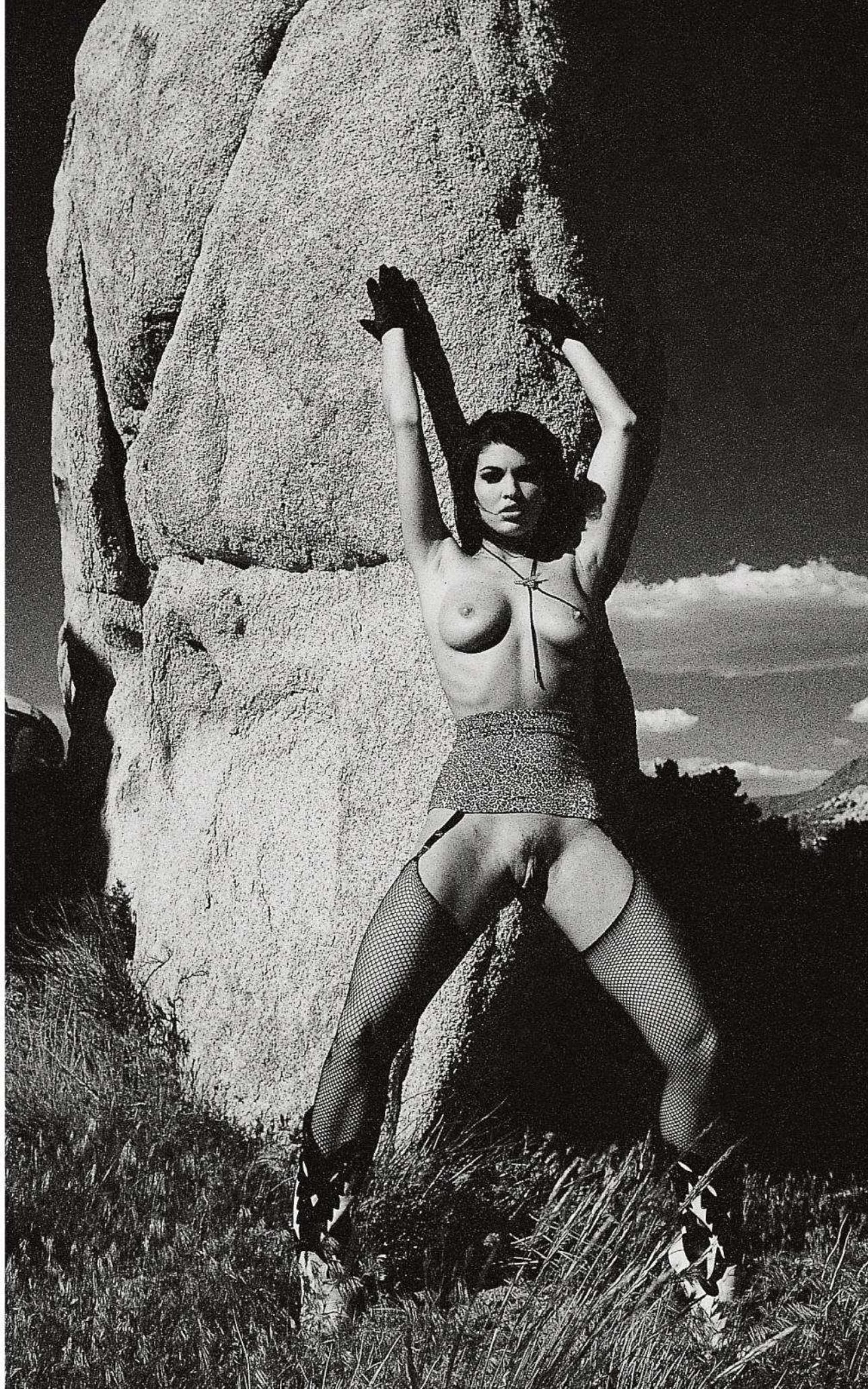


On a warm and arid day, the barren plain bore witness to a radiant desert bloom. Taylor, like the Joshua tree, twisted and turned in a nonconformist dance. The sweetness of her ample fruit would be nourishment for any desert wanderer.





In the absence of color, tones, textures, and contours are more vivid; images more striking and dramatic. One can almost feel the craggy surface of the bleached stone as it scraped against the softness of her yielding back.





Joshua trees were so named by pioneers who thought their branches were pointing them toward the holy land. Taylor appeared to be offering us a little heaven on earth, too.



MY TOP TWO

PENCILS AND INKS BY
JASON JOHNSON
COLORS BY
BEN SAWYER

Yuki and I have been together for almost a year. She's a real estate agent, and, thanks to the soft market, no one was buying, so we spent our lunches screwing in some very high-end units.

You'll love the Venetian-granite counter-tops in the kitchen.

I'm sure I will!

She led me into the kitchen and unzipped my fly.

I have to show this space in 20 minutes, so we'd better hurry.

Let's make the most of it.

After teasing me briefly, she got down to business, sucking my cock deep into her mouth. She's one wild girl, but I had to stop her so I wouldn't come too soon.



It's your turn now.



Hooking the heels of her boots onto my shoulders, she pressed her hips into my face.

Oh, yeah, baby, I love that!



I almost had her, but she got up and licked the juices from my chin.



I jumped up onto the counter and lay back so Yuki could ease her pussy down onto my cock.

I'll get you next time.



I massaged Yuki's asshole with my thumb as she pumped faster and faster—till she pushed us both over the edge.

GOD, baby, you feel so good.



Still up for that party tonight?

Sure, if I can lie and say I'm in an all-girl punk band just to shake things up.





Yuki had never expressed any interest in women before.



I watched as she went over to Tanya, sat on her lap, and went into full-on flirt mode.

The party broke up early, but Yuki had already nodded off.



I was helping Tanya collect beer bottles when Yuki joined us in the kitchen.



Was Yuki really the gang-bang champ of Japan?

She likes to shock people.

It's true—500 guys in 24 hours. The secret is lube.

I'll have to remember that.



Eric is always saying how sexy you are with these big boobs.

Guys seem to like them.



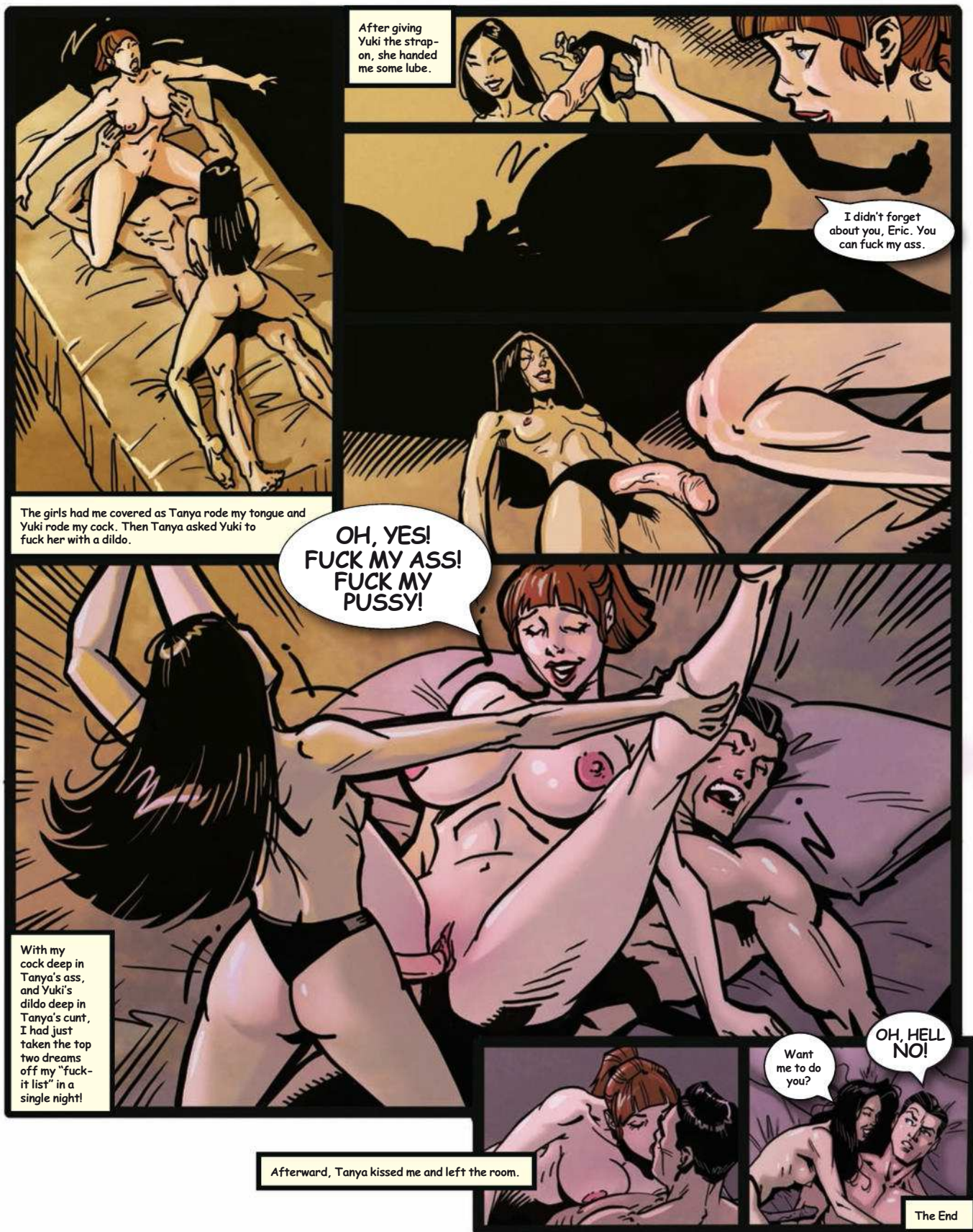
Could I touch your big boobs?

My cock was ready to jump out of my pants as I watched Yuki bury her face in Tanya's generous cleavage. Doesn't every guy have this fantasy?

I bet you want to do this.







HE GIVES THEM THE SHAFT

This horny car salesman gets girls to grab his stick shift. • As told to Ronnie Koenig

I became a car salesman after college, hoping to make enough money to pay off my student loans. I never thought of being a car salesman as a “sexy” job—in fact, most people think we’re total scumbags—but my years working at a dealership led to some of the hottest sex of my life.

My first month on the job, I spent a good deal of time walking the lot and waiting for customers. Since I was a “green pea”—the veteran guys’ term for newbies—I was always last in line for customers, which meant I mostly stood around doing a whole lot of nothing. One afternoon, a guy pulled up in a convertible with the music blasting, his girlfriend in the passenger seat. “You’re up!” one of the vets told me, giving me a hard slap on the shoulder. I knew he was giving me these customers because it was obvious the guy was a total douche. At that point I didn’t care—I needed a sale, any sale, or I was going to have to find some other kind of work.

When I shook the guy’s hand, he averted his eyes. “She wants to test-drive something,” he said, less than enthusiastically. I looked at the petite redhead with him and tried not to stare. Her hot little body in a tight T-shirt that showed off her tits and

tiny little jean shorts meant I had to actively stop myself from fantasizing and focus on making a sale. When I held open the door to the vehicle she wanted, the boyfriend waved her off dismissively and said he’d wait inside.

On the drive I learned that “Allison” had graduated from the same college as me a few years earlier. At a traffic light, I leaned across her to show her how to adjust her mirrors and my arm brushed against her boob. “Sorry, those tend to get in the way,” she said with a giggle. My embarrassment quickly changed to excitement. “I don’t mind at all,” I ventured. “But I bet your boyfriend would.”

Allison answered me by making a sharp turn and taking us into the back parking lot of a vacant store. When she stopped the car, we looked at each other and laughed nervously. Then I kissed her long and hard, and in an instant, her shirt and bra were off and I had my face in her soft D-cups.

“Are you going to get in trouble?” she asked, grazing her hand across the front of my pants and feeling my cock, which was aching hard.

“Are you?” I asked, wondering if she did this often: test-drive



libido | noun | li-bi-do

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- 2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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were on my ass. I reciprocated by pulling her dress over her head, pulling down her panties, and pushing her facedown onto the hood of the car she'd been admiring. She said she was looking for something fast and rough, so I unzipped and plunged right into her bare little pussy, which made her scream out in satisfaction. If security was watching, they definitely got a show. Kylie held on to the hood of the car while I gave her pussy the punishing it deserved, slapping her ass from time to time while she squealed and squirmed on my cock.

When I felt close to coming, I instructed her to flip over. With her nipples totally erect and her cunt dripping onto the car, she was the perfect hood ornament. "I want you to come on me," she cooed, reaching down to rub her clit. Seconds later, she said, "I'm close," and my strokes got more frantic.

We succeeded in coming at the same time, her lying on the car and me standing over her, shooting my load across her tits, face, and

With her nipples totally erect and her cunt dripping onto the car, she was the perfect hood ornament. "Come on me," she cooed.

cars and salesmen. Allison smiled and looked at me as she leaned across the console, undid my pants, and lowered her mouth onto my cock. I worried for a second about the possibility of bodily fluids messing up the brand-new car, but then I thought, *Fuck it*, and enjoyed feeling her tits as she worked my cock, stroking and sucking until I came in her mouth.

Back at the dealership, she told her boyfriend she was taking the car. I'd made a sale, and that, along with Allison's enthusiastic blowjob, was the best tension reliever I'd had in weeks.

Working on commission means long, crazy hours, and it was really no surprise that even after working ten days straight, I was stuck there on Christmas Eve. Since most of the older guys had families, I didn't really mind it so much, except for the fact that my brilliant general manager didn't realize that no one was car shopping on Christmas Eve. But just as I was ready to close, a car pulled up. (Some idiot will always do that: show up five minutes before closing and ask you to demo five different cars.)

When the driver walked into the showroom, I perked up. "Kylie" introduced herself with a smile and a firm handshake. She was wearing a full-length coat with a short, sparkly dress underneath, and looked like she had just come from a party. "I was thinking about getting myself a Christmas present," she said, running her hand across a fire-engine-red sports car—the centerpiece of our showroom. I told her I was surprised that a beautiful woman like her was car shopping alone on Christmas Eve. "I work all the time—haven't been on a date in almost a year," she said, taking off her coat to show off her perfectly toned body in her backless dress. "I make enough to buy this outright, but I have no one to enjoy it with." I could feel her looking me up and down, and I was sure it was obvious that I was checking her out, too.

"So ..." she said, looking me right in the eye, "wanna fuck?"

Many thoughts ran through my mind in a millisecond. Like, was it really true that our security cameras were manned by live operators? And would they be working on Christmas Eve?

Before I could answer, Kylie's hands

belly—basically everywhere. She didn't buy the car—I never even saw her again—but I didn't get fired, so I really had nothing to complain about.

Not all women are impressed by cars, but the woman I'm dating now is. On one of our first dates, I took a car from the dealership, drove it to her house, and picked her up. "Veronica" was practically orgasming over the new-car smell. After dinner and drinks, I pulled into her driveway and we started to fool around. I already knew she wasn't wearing any panties, as I'd been running my hand up her leg to her sweet spot all through dinner, but I was totally shocked when she straddled the gearshift and started to slide up and down on it. She looked amazing, flipping her hair back as her hungry pussy engulfed the entire thing, and when she moved over to sit down on top of me, I could see her juices covering it. Later, when I told her that it wasn't my car, she was mortified, but then we both laughed. This girl loves fucking cars—and me—and we have fun test-driving anything on the lot that catches her eye. 

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An Old Flame Reignites

Jenny and I dated many years ago, but the relationship didn't work out. We were simply too young to commit to a lifetime together. But I often thought about sex with her when I jacked off.

To my delight, we recently met up again. Although we didn't have sex right away, we got reacquainted and became friends and confidantes—just like old times. That doesn't mean I didn't think about fucking her. Every time she called, I hoped she'd say she wanted to take our friendship to the next level. Our get-togethers were laced with sexual tension that was impossible to ignore.

One night, after weeks of heavy flirtation, Jenny and I returned to my apartment after dinner, locked the door, and turned to each other. Both of us were burning up in anticipation of satisfying the desires that had been building. "Come here, Jen," I said.

She took a step forward, and I wrapped my arms around her and drew her body close to mine. I brought my lips to hers and relished

Jenny began riding me hard. Soon she was coming around my dick.

their softness. Her mouth opened and our tongues tangoed as I cupped her large breasts in my hands. I squeezed her tits softly, using my thumbs to trace circles over her hardening nipples. "Oh, Rick," she moaned loudly, and I knew I had her right where I wanted her. "Let's go to the bedroom," she murmured. She didn't have to ask me twice.

Once in my room, Jenny helped me remove her shirt and bra. Her breasts were as stunning as I remembered, her nipples erect and swollen with lust. I cupped her tits in my hands and began to bite, tease, and suck her sensitive nipples. Her head rolled back and forth in ecstasy, and I could tell she loved it. I kept this up for several minutes before moving on.

I kissed my way down her body to the waistband of her jeans. I unbuttoned and removed them in one slow motion. Not only was she panty-less, but she was sporting a completely bald pussy. The sight sent a jolt of arousal to my hard cock.

I admired the smooth expanse of her skin, delighted that I could see every bit of her. She was clearly aroused, too. Her pussy lips were swollen and glistening with her juices. Gently, I traced my tongue from the bottom of her slit to the top and sucked her engorged clit into my mouth. Then I moved my tongue

in a circular motion around her nub while pumping two fingers in and out of her snug pussy. I knew from so many pleasurable experiences how good her pussy would feel once it was stretched around my dick.

I kept up this stimulation until her whole body shuddered, and I could tell she was experiencing an intense climax. I kept teasing her clit as she moaned loudly, bucking and writhing as she came on my fingers.

Once her cries ceased, it was time for the main event. I kissed my way up her body, licked her lips, and lined up my cock with her dripping entrance. I pushed forward, unable to keep myself from groaning. She was so soft and wet that it was like sinking into warm butter. I advanced slowly because she was wonderfully tight. Her pussy grasped my thick shaft like a velvet vise. Jenny sighed and clawed at my back as I filled her with my dick.

I continued to push forward, until finally my balls were flush with her ass. Slowly, I pulled out until only the head of my penis remained inside her, and then sank back in once again. She sighed and moaned as I moved in and out of her. Soon I built up a steady rhythm, all the while gazing into her beautiful brown eyes.

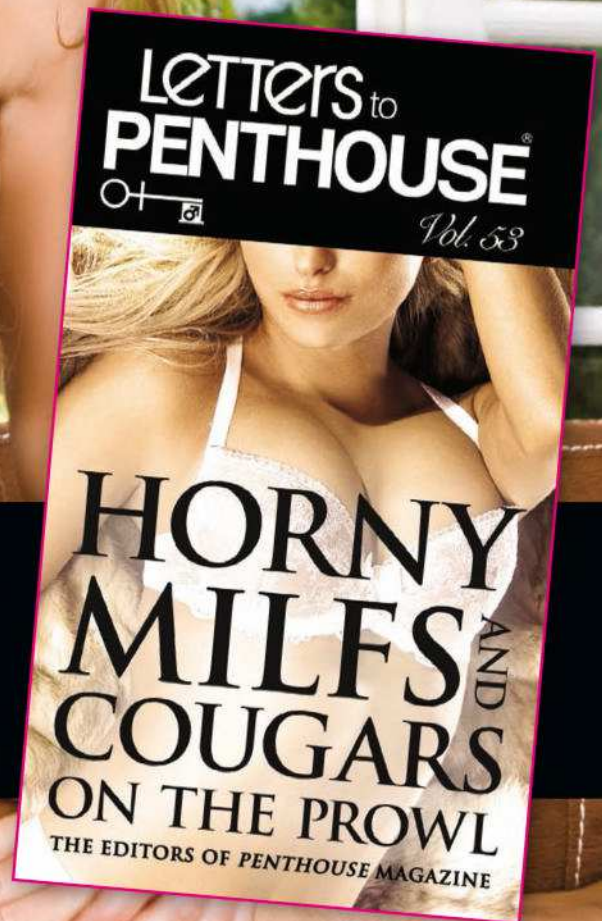
Suddenly, her pussy contracted strongly around my cock, making me gasp with pleasure. Jenny announced with a huge grin, "I've been practicing Kegel exercises for months, hoping I'd get another chance to rock your world." I smiled and sped up my thrusts for several minutes.

Jenny had always been a pro at riding cock, and she apparently wanted to prove that she still had her skills. She told me to lie on my back and quickly straddled my hips. She grasped my rock-hard cock with her right hand and held her pussy lips open with her left before expertly descending on my shaft. Firmly planted on my cock, she began riding me hard. Soon she was screaming and coming hard around my dick. Her pussy squeezed my cock like a fist, and her whole body shuddered with her orgasm. Feeling her cunt contract around me set off my climax, and I released countless jets of my thick load deep inside her. Her body collapsed onto mine, and we embraced, happy to be in each other's arms again.

Sex with Jenny was even better than it had been before. I can't wait until the next time! And the next time. And the next....—*R.M., Maine*

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Glory Night

After a party at our friend's house, Tim and I could not wait to get home. We were hot from dancing, and turned-on, and as we wandered toward our car, we ended up near a small park. Tim playfully put his arms around my waist and said, "We haven't done it outdoors in a while."

"What if someone comes by?" I asked, envisioning him fucking me right up against the hood of our car.

"At three in the morning?"

"We're out at three in the morning."

"We'll say we're looking for our car," Tim said, surprising me. He moved me away from the street and pulled me toward the entrance of the park.

"In the park?" I asked, tripping along beside him in my heels.

"We'll say we got lost." He stopped and pulled me to him again, and I could feel how hard his cock had gotten. The idea of fucking outside was definitely turning him on.

That's when I noticed the fence. It was chain link, interwoven with green vinyl strips—except for one spot. A choice, crotch-high spot. Tim noticed me looking, and, thanks to a nearby streetlight, I could see a look on his face that let me know the same thought had occurred to him.

"Get on the other side," he said.

I hurried around. Tim's cock was already poking through the hole by the time I got on my knees.

I knelt and touched his shaft with the palm of my hand. He groaned. I didn't care that I was on my knees in the dirt. I didn't care that my nylons were going to be ruined or that my fancy high heels might get dirty. All I cared about was the fact that I was about to suck Tim's dick through a hole in the fence.

First, Tim butted his cockhead against my lips. I loved the way that felt. He was letting me know how ready he was. I teased him, not parting my lips immediately, but letting him ram against me. The warm scent of his skin turned me on even more. Only after a few seconds had passed did I open my mouth.

Tim began groaning from the first thrust. He drove his cock inside my warm, wet mouth and hummed with pleasure. "Oh, that's so good."

I sucked him as far as I could down my throat. Then I backed up and took control, letting my tongue trace around the head of his cock before pulling only the head into my mouth and sucking it like I would a round lollipop. Tim could not control himself. "Oh, God," he moaned. "That's so fucking sweet."

The night air whistled around us, but I didn't feel chilled at all. I pretended I was a slutty girl truly working on the dark side of a glory hole. I imagined I didn't know who the man was on the other side of the fence, what he looked like, what his name was. He was simply a cock—or maybe even a number. Maybe Tim was the sixth guy I'd sucked that night. Maybe there was a line of men behind him. That idea excited me more than I would have thought. I reached one hand between my legs and played with my pussy while I sucked off Tim.

"You really know how to work a



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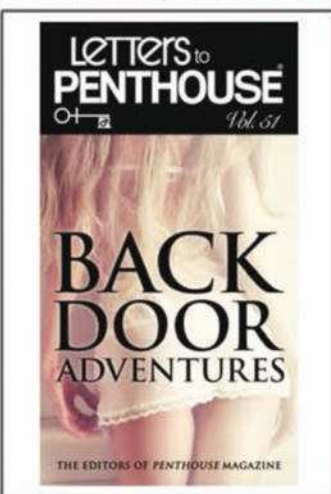
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cock, girl," he whispered hoarsely.

I honestly think this may have been my best blowjob of all time. I sucked Tim's cock like a hungry little sex fiend, and played with myself the whole time, one hand tweaking and teasing my clit. I thrust two fingers deep into my hole as I sucked his dick like a dirty girl should. I wanted to time my own orgasm to Tim's, and I could tell he was getting closer. When he moaned again and called me his filthy whore, I flicked my tongue around the head of his erection, and he swore he would fuck me until I creamed as soon as we got home. I liked the way that sounded, and decided to bring him to the end of this ride. I took a big breath and then turned my mouth into a magic vacuum, sucking powerfully until he shot his load down my throat. I came on my fingers at the same time, but I didn't forget my place. I swallowed every drop of his cream like a pro.

Tim fell back from the fence and worked to catch his breath. I could hear him panting. "God, that was so fucking good," he said.

I stood and brushed the dirt and pebbles from my knees. I couldn't remember ever being so turned-on from going down on someone. There was something fiercely exciting about getting down and dirty outside when all "normal" people were safe in their bedrooms, tucked in tight, dreaming dreams like the one we'd just made come true.

"Let's go home, Alex," Tim said, and I walked around the fence to his side. As we drove home, we talked the whole time about where and when we might explore the great outdoors again.—A.A., Texas

Free Mustache Rides

Around the bar, Donnie was known for his thick, golden-tipped ... mustache. Every time I saw him, I'd tease him about the cost of mustache rides. He kidded me back, of course. It was a thing we did—a little friendly ribbing. Or, at least, we did it until last night. See, Donnie is the bartender at my favorite watering hole. There's always been a lot of sexy banter between us, and I thought that was all he wanted. But when I arrived last night, he changed everything.

"Tonight's your last chance," he said, watching me sit at the glossy wood bar.



"What do you mean?"

"I'm shaving off my mustache in the morning, so if you really want that mustache ride ... " He let the sentence hang in the air.

"Are you serious?" I couldn't believe how sad I felt. I loved Donnie's mustache. The way it curled insolently over his lips, the shimmer of gold in the dark reddish-brown whiskers. I reached out before I could stop myself and stroked his mustache with the tips of my fingers. "Don't shave!"

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't," he challenged me. I noticed that he didn't seem upset I'd stroked him right there at the bar.

"When do you get off?" I asked. "Off work, that is."

He looked at his watch and said, "Two hours. Can you wait that long, Camille?"

Could I? After all this time, I wasn't sure, but I did my best. I squirmed on the bar stool, imagining how those whiskers would finally feel against my pussy lips. I was lost in fantasyland for those 120 minutes, until Donnie came around the bar and took my hand. I had on a short skirt, and I hoped I hadn't left a wet spot behind. I didn't turn around to look.

After a brief discussion, we decided I'd follow Donnie to his apartment. He lived closer to the bar than I did. I wondered along the way if we'd end up having that awkward conversation

that happens sometimes before fucking: Will we or won't we? Should we or shouldn't we? This wasn't a one-night stand between strangers, but we'd never come close to even kissing before.

Thankfully, our lust outweighed any uncomfortable etiquette. There was no hesitation at all. As soon as he unlocked his front door for me, we were at each other. Kissing was amazing. The brush of his whiskers wasn't rough at all. His mustache was silky against my skin, and I started grinding my hips forward, wanting to feel those whiskers someplace else. He kissed me for as long as he could take, and then he went on his knees and shoved my skirt to my waist and licked me through my panties.

Let me tell you, that felt sublime. I realized that I'd never before been with a man with a mustache. What are the odds of that? Donnie's whiskers tickled me even through the barrier of my undies. I could feel the outline of his mustache pressed against my pussy. But after a few moments, I needed to feel it on my bare skin.

"Hold on," I begged, moving slightly out of his embrace. "Let's go somewhere we can lie down."

He led the way to his bedroom, and as soon as we got there, I stripped. I wanted him to kiss me everywhere, tickle me all over with his gorgeous mustache, show me what

He pressed his whole face against the split between my legs and shook his head so I could really feel those whiskers against me.

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a real mustache ride felt like. Donnie seemed to understand exactly what I wanted. He kissed my lips once more, then moved down my body. I wriggled all over as he brushed his upper lip against the flat of my belly. Then I sucked in my breath. This was the moment I was waiting for—the moment I'd been waiting for, if I was honest with myself, for nearly six months.

As I should have expected, Donnie teased me. He didn't dive forward when he reached my pussy. I had to arch my hips upward and beg him.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "You know, I've heard women can get addicted to mustache rides."

"Just do it," I said, losing all self-control. "Lick me!"

My clean-shaven pussy was a dramatic opposite to the roughness of his furry upper lip. As soon as I felt the whiskers against my skin, I started to come. Maybe it was the build-up—all that banter over the past few months—or perhaps it was the delicious anticipation that had built while I waited for him at the bar. Whatever the reason, I climaxed quickly, my thighs tightening around Donnie and my pussy spasming.

Luckily for me, Donnie didn't consider this the end of the night. He waited until my body was still, and then he started up again. Slowly, carefully, he licked my pussy. He parted my lips and dragged his tongue in a straight line down and then up again. He pressed his whole face against the split between my legs and shook his head back and forth so that I could really feel those whiskers against me. I realized I was getting my juices all over him, and I wondered if my scent would linger in his mustache when we were done. That thought turned me on even more. Maybe he'd kiss me, and I'd taste myself!

Before I could even spell out this fantasy, Donnie made my wish come true. He shimmied back up the bed to plant a wet kiss on my lips, and I did taste my own honeyed juices on his whiskers.

Then back he went to finish up the job. He nipped my pussy lips, sucked my clit into his mouth and rubbed it with his tongue, and used his mustache to tickle me everywhere. I was keening under my breath, beating my hips against his mattress, and gripping fistfuls of his hair until I finally reached a second, even more powerful climax.

Relief made me speechless for

several moments. And the moments turned to hours as I drifted to sleep in Donnie's strong embrace. In the morning, I woke up to find him gazing at me with a smile on his face. I was thrilled to see that he hadn't shaved yet. I stared into his deep green eyes, and then traced my fingers over his whiskers.

"Are you really going to shave?" I asked, feeling truly despondent.

He grinned mischievously at me and shook his head. "No, I like it too much." The way he said the words made me realize his whole plan of the previous evening. I punched his arm.

"You made that up just to get me into bed!"

"Hey," he said, kissing his way down my body once more. "That means you can keep having as many free mustache rides as you'd like."

When he put it that way, I couldn't help but smile. But soon my smile turned to sighs of bliss as he let me feel those pleasurable whiskers one more time.—C.S., Massachusetts

A Helping Hand

I repair fitness equipment, so I'm in and out of people's houses every day. Fixing treadmills and stair-steppers is pretty routine, but I get to meet some interesting people. Actually, "interesting" doesn't even begin to describe the customer I met last week.

Her house was in an affluent neighborhood, and it was huge. I knocked on the double doors, waited a while, rang the bell, and waited some more. It was hot out, and I was growing annoyed, but then the door opened and everything changed. Standing before me was a blonde, blue-eyed young woman with a Barbie doll figure that defied belief. She wore a tiny black bikini and a glistening coat of suntan oil.

My voice deserted me. The girl's eyes sparkled as she looked me over. "Well?" she said at last, flashing a flirty smile.

"Sorry," I managed to croak. "I wasn't expecting—" I couldn't keep my gaze from drifting over her knockout body. She looked down at herself and shrugged, as if she answered the door nearly naked every day. Maybe she did.

"I was in the backyard, working on my tan," she explained. To emphasize her point, she took hold of the thin bikini strap at her hip and tugged it down an inch, exposing a tan line that



was starkly white compared to the rest of her.

I ventured, "Looks like it's coming along nicely."

She glanced sharply at me, and for a moment I thought I might have crossed the line. But her impish grin said otherwise. "I hate tan lines," she confided. "What I really want to do is lie out in the nude, but the neighbors might complain."

"I seriously doubt that," I remarked. Her eyebrows went up, and she grinned at me.

"You're here to fix my elliptical?" she asked. I nodded. She seemed to be thinking things over, eyeing me in a way that made my cock swell. "Well, come in. I'm Tina," she called over her shoulder as she turned and headed into the interior of the house. Her perky ass pivoted from side to side, more exposed than covered. I hurried after her.

The elliptical trainer was in a corner of the master bedroom, facing a flat-screen TV mounted on the wall. "It shrieks like a banshee," Tina said, stepping onto the machine. I stood back and watched her in action. Her belly was taut, and her shapely

breasts swayed only a little as her arms and legs flexed. Soon a shrill squeak filled the room.

"See?" She slowed to a stop and stepped off. Her bikini top was askew, exposing her right nipple. She saw that I was looking at it and took her time adjusting her top.

I tried to focus on the job at hand—no easy task, with Tina reclining on her bed, watching me.

"The crank bearings are shot," I said. "The whole thing needs lube."

"I love it when you talk dirty," she quipped.

Working fast, I got the job done in about 20 minutes. "Okay," I said, turning to face her. "You're all set—"

For the second time that day, Tina had shocked me speechless. Her bikini had vanished, and she was sprawled across the bed wearing a naughty grin and nothing else. My cock stiffened so fast that I felt light-headed.

"Come here," she said.

"My tools are all over your floor."

She crawled to the edge of the bed and sat up. "The only tool I'm interested in is this one," she said, reaching out and stroking the bulge

in my pants. Then she yanked down my zipper, reached into my boxers, and grabbed hold of my dick. For a moment, she ran her fingers up and down and licked her pretty lips as she took her measure of my thick joint. Then she bent to take me in her mouth.

I let out the breath I'd been holding and savored the feel of her expert tongue. She licked all over my manhood like it was an ice pop, moving from the thick base to the bulbous crown until the whole thing was shiny with her saliva. Bobbing forward, she slid her lips almost all the way to my root. My crown touched the back of her throat for an instant before she eased back, eager to try again. She couldn't quite manage it, but she came close, and she was having a good time trying.

Meanwhile, she played with my balls with one hand, and with the other she reached around to squeeze my ass. Her long hair swayed about her shoulders as she rocked back and forth vigorously, trying to draw out my cream. A few minutes later, Tina got exactly what she wanted. I felt the floodgates open as my prick spasmed

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and shot gobs of semen into her throat. She moaned with delight and swallowed my entire load, then licked her lips clean.

Then she lay back in the middle of the bed and splayed her knees wide. "Your turn," she said, spreading open her clean-shaven pussy.

I dropped to my knees and buried my face in her delectable cunt. She tasted as sweet and fresh as a ripe melon, and just as juicy. I held her open with my fingers and hungrily lapped away. She began to tremble violently, hard enough to make the bedsprings sing. When I focused my attention on her swollen clit, her shrieks grew louder and louder until she was screaming with ecstasy. Her toned thighs clamped to my ears, muffling the loudest of her cries as she succumbed to a deep and powerful orgasm. I kept licking up her juices until her climax subsided.

Fortunately, Tina wasn't finished. "Fuck me," she demanded, reaching for my revived cock. "Slide that big dick inside me!"

I got my clothes off in record time, and then I knelt between her raised knees and slotted my pole between her plush cunt lips. She bucked her hips at me, grunting as she forced half my prick into her pussy. I leaned on my arms and shoved the rest of the way inside, sealing my pelvis to hers. The grasp of her cunt was heavenly.

"God, that's a nice, fat cock," Tina murmured, her eyes half-closed in concentration. Her hands went to my biceps and we moved together, fucking languidly, both of us lost in pleasure. I lowered my chest to hers,

I dropped to my knees and buried my face in her delectable cunt.

enjoying the feel of her soft breasts as they crushed against me. Then her eyes opened and bored into mine with lust. "Harder," she whispered through clenched teeth. "Fuck me harder!"

I slid my hands beneath her ass and rammed my cock in and out of her hole. She responded enthusiastically, raking her fingers up and down my back while her ecstatic cries once again filled the room. She tried unsuccessfully to roll us over, so I helped, and the next thing I knew I was on my back with Tina squatting atop me, bouncing savagely on my pole. She grabbed her breasts, tugging on her nipples, and rode me for all she was worth. There's no question she was getting a workout that rivaled anything she could obtain on her exercise machine. I stroked her thighs and hips and let her coax the come from my balls, which didn't take long.

"Oh, shit. I'm coming again!" she screamed. I heard myself making loud noises, too—Tina's vocal abandon was infectious—and then my cock exploded inside her. Over and over, I felt the spasms as her pussy milked me. Finally, she climbed off, bent over, took my cock in her mouth, and licked me clean.

Tina thanked me for "scratching her itch," as she put it, and saw me off with a kiss. I can't help but hope her machine breaks down again—soon!—R.P., Nevada

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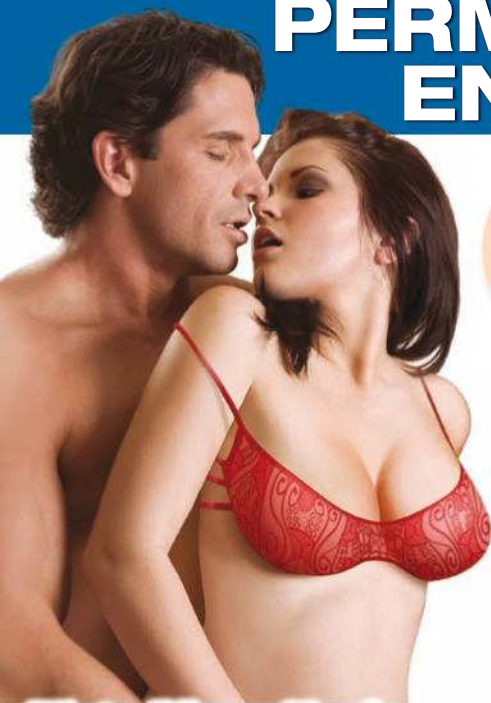
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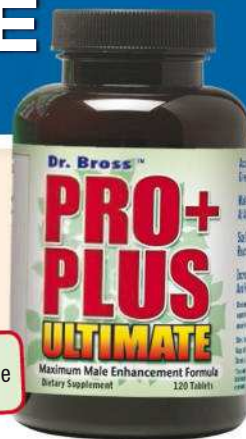


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We close out this special Pet of the Year Playoff issue with a look at two Pets of the Year playing around. Jamie Lynn, our 2006 Queen, was succeeded by Heather Vandeven in 2007, but here the comely centerfolds are all about working together to, well, come together.



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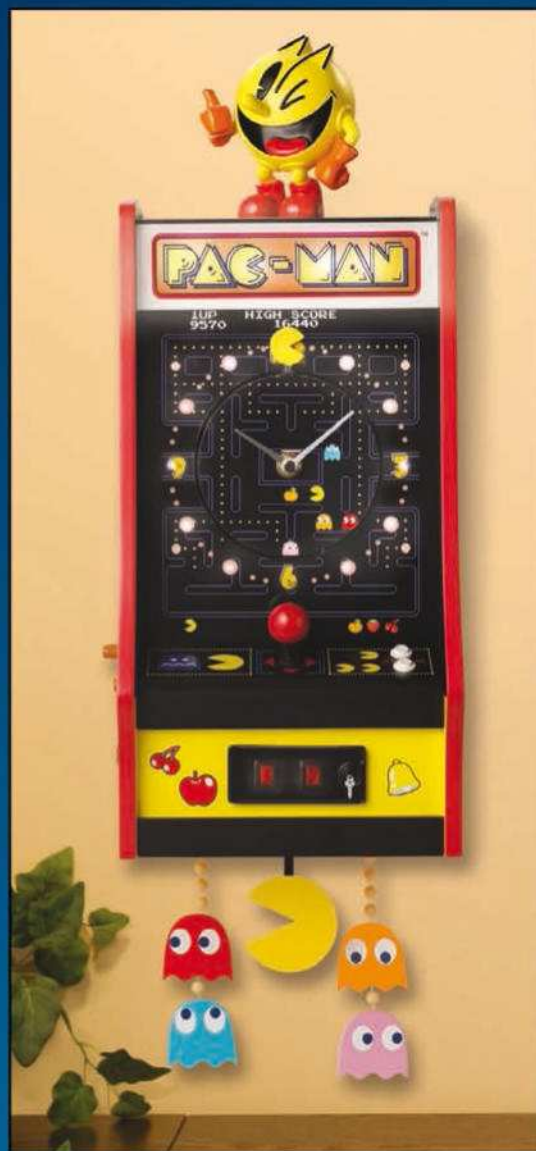
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